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A THIRD READER

BY

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AND

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PRINCIPAL OF THE TEACHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO
1911

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PREFACE

THROUGH oral presentation, children of the primary grades become acquainted with fairy tales and stories of heroism and adventure. These same stories, when they appear in print later, arouse interest from the fact that they are old friends in new situations. The ethical content of the selections, also, is presented a second time to intensify impression.

Teachers know from sad experience that much of the literature appropriate to these earlier grades is beyond the reading capacity of third-year children because of its difficult vocabulary and phraseology. Laboring to master the technicalities, the children become first discouraged and then indifferent; and thus the love of reading, which it is our aim to inculcate, receives a decided check. In the desire to reduce difficulties to a minimum, the authors have taken the liberty of simplifying difficult words, and difficult or unusual expressions in a number of the selections used, endeavoring at the same time to preserve their characteristic features.

From the fact that some of the subject matter is familiar, it is hoped that much valuable work in language and construction may be done in connection with the reading. The review of favorite lessons ought also to furnish opportunity for dramatic presentation, the discussion of which affords valuable language material, and at the same time may be made to encourage individual effort. Dramatic situations should come from the pupils' interpretation of the story, rather than from the teacher's suggestions.

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Teachers are referred to the Suggestions to Teachers in the First Reader for help in phonics. In this third year's work the teacher may well encourage the formulation of previous knowledge of this subject, and exact its application.

For favors extended in the use of material for many of the selections in this Reader, the authors take pleasure in acknowledging their indebtedness to the following: Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," by Eugene Field, from "With Trumpet and Drum" (copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field); "The Duel," by Eugene Field, from "Love Songs of Childhood" (copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field); "One, Two, Three," from "Poems of H. C. Bunner" (copyright, 1884, 1892, 1896. 1899, by Charles Scribners' Sons); "The Wind" and "My Shadow," by Robert Louis Stevenson, from "Poems and Ballads"; The Houghton Mifflin Company for "The Hunting of the Red Deer," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and "The Fairy Book," from "A Pocketful of Poesies," by Abbie Farwell Brown; *The Youth's Companion* for "The Tomato Story," by Fannie L. Brent; *The Outlook* for "Why the Chimney was not Built," by Annie H. Donnell; *Little Folks* for "Big Brother's Valentine," by Lilla Thomas Elder; and The Milton Bradley Company for "Little Half Chick," adapted from the Spanish, by Carolyn S. Bailey in "The Children's Hour." Grateful acknowledgment is made, also, to Emily Huntington Miller for permission to use "A Winter Song," and to C. L. Condit for "The Wishing."

THE AUTHORS.

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A THIRD READER

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

I

wom'an	butch'er	jour'ney	won'der ful
ex change'	pack'age	a greed'	sor'ry

Once upon a time there lived a woman who had a son named Jack. The woman was very poor. She had nothing but a little house and a red cow.

"Jack," she said one day, "we have nothing in the house to eat, and no money to buy food. We must sell the cow, for we cannot go hungry."

Jack started to town the next morning to sell the cow. On the way he met a butcher.

"Where are you going with that cow, my son?" asked the butcher.

"We have nothing at home to eat," said Jack, "and I am going to town to sell our cow."

"Sell her to me," said the butcher, "and save

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yourself the journey to town. I will give you these wonderful beans in exchange for the cow." So saying, he opened a package in which were beans of many colors.

"Shall I sell the cow for these beans?" said the boy to himself. "They must indeed be wonderful beans if he thinks they are worth as much as the red cow."

At last Jack agreed to sell the cow and to take the beans in exchange. He placed the beans in his hat and ran all the way home.

"See, mother," he said, as he held out his hat, "what I have in exchange for the cow."

When the poor woman saw the beans, and understood that they were all Jack had to show in place of the cow, she was very angry indeed. Now they had nothing more to sell. They would surely starve.

"How could you sell our only cow for these beans?" she asked. "Why did you do such a thing? Now what shall we do for something to eat? One thing is sure. I will have nothing to do with the beans."

So saying, she tossed the beans out of the

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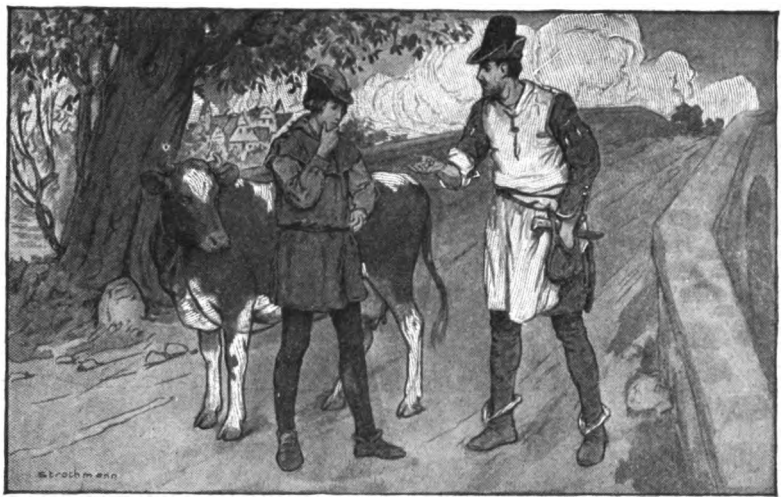

window, and sent Jack to bed. There he lay, hungry and sorry, and cried himself to sleep.

II

bean'stalks tak'en lad'der lean'ing
staff gi'ant mo'ment meal heav'y

It seemed very early when Jack awoke the next morning, for the light in his room was dim. He went to his one little window to peep out, and found it covered with green leaves and stems. Dressing as fast as he could, he ran out into the yard to see what had happened.

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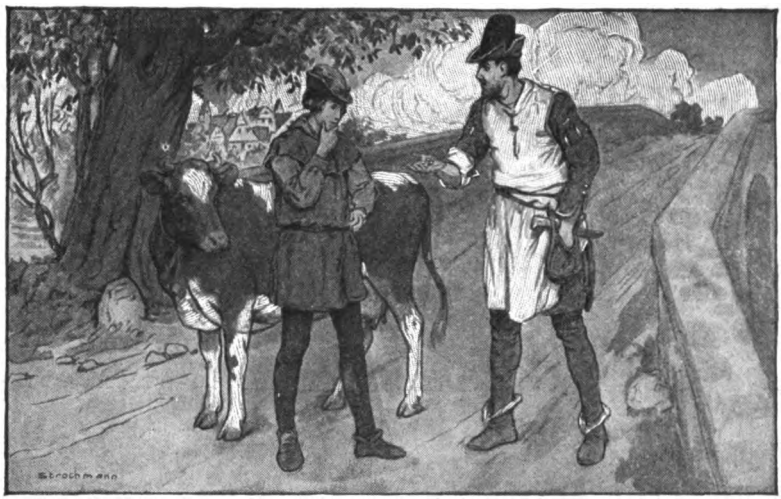

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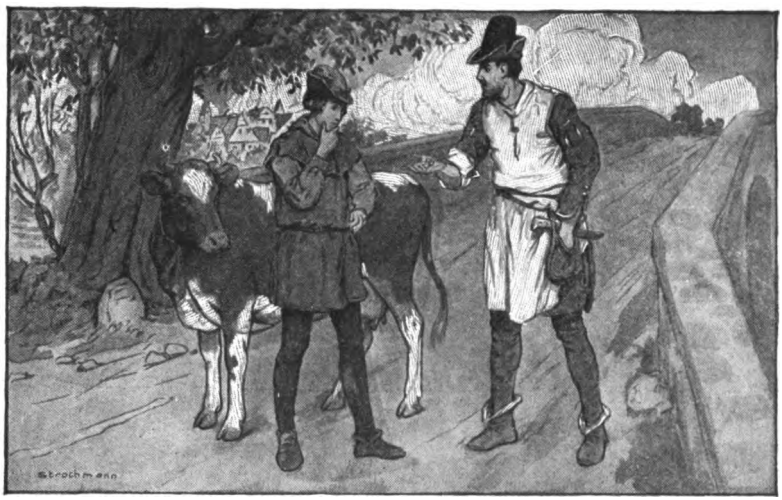

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There, covering one side of the little house, and seeming to reach up into the sky, were the largest beanstalks that ever grew. As far as he could see up into the air, they were still stretching; and they grew so close together that they seemed like one great stalk.

The wonderful beans had taken root and grown. All in one night, they had made what seemed to Jack a ladder to the sky.

"I will climb this great ladder," he said, "and see how far it reaches."

The branches were strong and close together; so up and up he climbed, like a squirrel.

At last he reached the top. He looked down and saw his mother's house like a tiny speck below. About him lay the land of the sky. In front of him stretched a long white road, covered with stones. He sat upon one of the stones to rest and think what he should do.

"I will follow the great road," he said to himself, "and see what is at the end of it."

So he walked and walked, and at last he came to a great house. An old woman stood at the open door, leaning upon a staff.

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"What do you want?" asked the old woman.

"I want something to eat," said Jack. "I have had nothing to eat to-day and have come a long road."

"You may have something to eat," said the old woman; "but you must leave the house as soon as you have had it. This house belongs to a great giant, and he may come home at any moment. He will kill you if he finds you here. This house and all these things were once mine, but the giant has taken them all and makes me work for him."

Jack followed her into the house, where she gave him a good meal. While he was still eating, he heard a great roar, and heavy steps far away. The giant was coming home.

III

blood	Eng'lish man	mut'ton
slipped	safe'ty	paid

"Dear me!" said the woman, "what shall I do? The giant will kill you if he finds you, and he will beat me black and blue."

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"Let me hide in this great oven," said Jack, jumping up with a piece of bread in his hand. He opened the oven door and crept in.

"Now close the door, and we shall be safe," he called. The old woman hurried over to the oven and closed the door.

In walked the giant, and stood beside the oven. He was so large that Jack shook with fear as he peeped at him through a crack in the oven door.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

roared the giant. His voice made the house shake, and his eyes were full of fire.

"It is only a leg of mutton that I am cooking for your dinner," said the old woman, beginning to turn the mutton before the fire.

"I will rest until dinner is ready," said the giant. "Bring my little hen."

The woman placed a beautiful little hen upon the table before the giant.

"Lay!" said the giant; and the hen laid an egg of gold. "Lay another," said he; and the

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hen laid a second golden egg. This she did every time she was told, until the table was covered with eggs of gold. Then the giant leaned back in his chair and began to snore.

When she was sure that he was fast asleep, the old woman opened the oven, and Jack crept out very softly.

"That was my hen once," whispered the woman. "If you can take her without waking the giant, carry her with you. I would rather that she belonged to you than to him."

Jack went to the table, reached as high as he could, took the hen in both hands, and slipped her under his arm. Then away he went as fast as he could go.

Just as he was going out at the door, the little hen began to cackle; and this woke the giant.

"Where is my little hen?" he roared.

Jack waited to hear no more. Down the great white road he ran as fast as he could, until he reached the beanstalks. Here, with the hen under his arm, he had to move carefully; but he reached home in safety, at last.

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"Here, mother," he said, dropping the hen in her lap, "you are paid for your cow at last. This hen lays golden eggs, and we need never be hungry again. Ask her to lay, and she will give you an egg of gold."

You may be sure that the poor woman did not wait long to ask for the golden egg.

IV

sure'ly	trem'bling	harp	a muse'
mu'sic	heav'i er	sup pose'	since

The next morning Jack climbed the bean-stalk again to see what he could find. The stalks seemed to have grown in the night, and he thought that he should never reach the top. But at last he saw the great white road stretching out before him, and again he sat upon the stone to rest.

Down the road he walked once more, to the big house; and there at the door stood the old woman, leaning upon her staff.

"Come in," said she; "but we must be more careful to-day, or the giant will surely catch

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you. He is still looking for the hen, and may come in at any moment."

Soon they heard his roaring voice and his heavy step. Jack had just time to hide in the oven before he came into the room, saying:

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

"You only smell the leg of a cow that I am cooking for your dinner," said the woman.

"I am sure someone is here," said the giant. He looked behind the door, under the table, and into everything but the oven, where Jack lay trembling with fear.

At last the meat was ready, and the giant sat down to eat. The meal was soon over, for the giant took very large bites.

"Bring my golden harp," said he. "My hen is lost, and I have only the harp to amuse me."

The woman placed a beautiful golden harp before the giant.

"Play!" said the giant; and without any touch of hands upon it, the harp played the sweetest music that Jack had ever heard.

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Soon the giant fell asleep and began to snore.

Jack crept out of his hiding place. He was just ready to step out of the door, when the old woman called him back with a wave of her hand.

"Carry the harp home with you, child," she whispered. "It was once mine, like the beautiful hen. I'd rather you had it than the giant."

The harp was heavier than the hen, and Jack had to be very careful in taking it from the table. Just as he reached the door, it began to play and awoke the giant.

"Stop, boy!" roared he. "Bring back my harp, or I will break your bones!"

But Jack ran down the road as fast as he could. He could hear the giant running after him. With the harp in his hands, he began to climb down the beanstalks; but before he was at the bottom, the giant began to climb down too.

"Quick, mother!" he shouted; "Bring me the ax! The giant is coming after me!"

The mother took the harp and gave Jack the ax; and he began to cut down the beanstalks with all his might.

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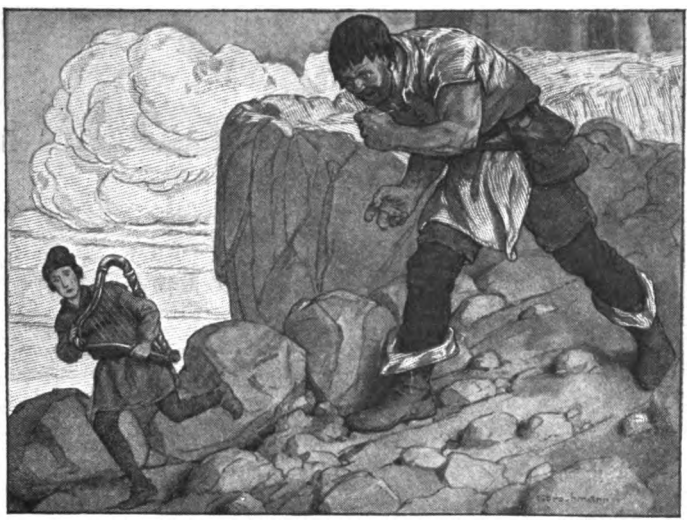
Down came the beanstalks and the giant! They fell to the ground with great force, and the giant was killed.



I suppose the old woman has her house again; but no one knows, because no ladder has reached to skyland since the beanstalks were cut.

I do know that Jack and his mother never went hungry again. With the hen to lay golden eggs, they had as much of everything as they needed; and they helped others who were in want, as they once had been.

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MY SHADOW

shad'ow use heels fun'ni est prop'er
tall'er In'di a rub'ber but'ter cup ar'rant

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow,
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;

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For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every butter-cup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me, and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE CAKES

dough	grid'dle	ei'ther	e'ven	stin'gy
pun'ished	seeks	chim'ney	soot	ea'ger ly

One day a hungry man passed by a house where an old woman was baking cakes. The smell of cakes was pleasant, and he thought he would ask for one.

He walked to the open door and said, "My good woman, I am very hungry. Your fresh

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cakes smell good. Will you please give me one?"

The old woman looked at the cakes and then at the hungry man. She thought she would cook him a small one. The one she had just baked seemed too large to give away.

So she pinched off a small piece of dough and began to roll it on the board. It grew larger as she rolled; and when she placed it over the fire, it soon covered the whole griddle.

"You cannot have this cake either," she said. "It is too large. I will bake you a smaller one."

She pinched off a smaller piece and rolled it on the board. When she placed it over the fire to bake, it covered the whole griddle.

"Neither can you have this cake," she said. "It is too large to give away. I will bake you a still smaller one."

This time she pinched off a still smaller piece of dough. But, when it was placed over the fire to bake, it, too, covered the whole griddle.

"Well, well," said the woman, "these cakes

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are all too large to give away. You cannot have any. You must just go without a cake, even if you are hungry."

The poor man said, "Because you are too stingy to feed a hungry man, you will be punished. You will be changed into a bird, that seeks its food all day upon the tree."

The stingy old woman was changed into a wood-pecker, and flew up the chimney.

You may see her any day in the woods, pecking away on the trees. Her head is covered with a red cap; her dress is black from the soot in the chimney; and around her neck is a small white collar. Sometimes, when she flies, you can see the white strings of her apron.

All day she taps and taps on the bark of the trees, running from top to bottom, eagerly seeking her food.

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THE BELL OF ATRI

I

A'tri	or'dered	mar'ket	judg'es	wronged
jus'tice	worn	age	young	ten'drils

Once upon a time there was a good king in the city of Atri, who wished to see all his people happy.

He ordered that a great bell be hung in the market place, and that a rope be fastened to it, long enough to reach the ground. Then, calling his judges together, he said to them:

"This is the bell of justice. I have had it hung in the market place so that it may be near the people. The rope is so long that it can be reached even by little children.

"When anyone thinks that he has been wronged, he may come here and ring this bell. When you hear the bell, you must come to the market place to hear the story; and if any wrong has been done to any creature, you must see that justice is done."

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The bell hung in its place year after year. It was rung many times to call the judges; and by and by the rope became so worn with age and use that it broke.

The people told this to the king, and the king ordered a new rope. Now this rope had to be so long and so strong that the right one could not be found in Atri; so the king sent to another town for one.

"Some one might be in need of help while we wait for the rope," said the people. "We must mend it with something."

They cut a grapevine and fastened it to the rope. It was spring, and fresh young leaves and tendrils were hanging from the vine.

II

knight bat'tles faith'ful ly die breeze
sound'ed chew'ing de cid'ed ser'vant

Near Atri there lived an old knight. He had been a brave knight, but not a true one. He had a horse that had carried him through

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many battles, serving him faithfully. This horse was now old, and no longer able to work.

"He is of no use," said the knight to his groom. "He is not worth the food he eats. Turn him out and let him feed by the roadside. If he cannot find enough to eat, then let him die. I shall keep him no longer."

So the poor horse was turned away from his master's barn to find his food as best he could. Wandering along, looking for grass by the roadsides, he came at last to Atri.

Tired and hungry, he reached the market place; and there, before his dim eyes, a grapevine was swinging in the breeze. Its fresh leaves and tendrils would make a juicy bite, so he gave them a pull.

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" sounded the bell of justice, and everyone ran to see who it was that called for justice. There stood the old horse, chewing on the grapevine; and every time that he pulled the vine, the bell rang again.

"Whose horse is this, and why is he here?" asked the judges.

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When the judges had heard the story, they decided that the old horse had a right to ring the bell, and that justice should be done him.

They sent for the cruel and stingy knight, and ordered him to build a good barn for his faithful servant. He must give him besides, they said, the best grain and the best pasture that money could buy.

When the people heard what the judges had decided, they shouted for joy. The knight hung his head in shame, and led the old horse away.

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THE SPRUCE AND THE MAPLE

I

ma'ple spruce stiff sighed straight
bal'sam crim'son gath'er be neath' gifts

Two trees once stood side by side in a park. One was a maple, and one was a spruce.

The maple was tall and beautiful to see. All summer long she waved her green branches. The wind made music with her green leaves. Children played in the cool shade that she cast upon the ground.

The spruce was small and stiff. She had no broad, green leaves; and the wind only sighed as it blew through her branches. No birds built in her branches, and she could cast no shade for the children at play. She could only grow little green cones and fill the air with the smell of evergreen.

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"How beautiful you are," said the spruce to the maple, one day, "and how much good you do! Your branches make a green shade for birds and children, and your broad leaves fill the air with music."

"Wait, little spruce," said the maple, "you too are growing beautiful. See how straight and strong you stand; and you are growing taller every day. The balsam from your branches makes the air sweet, and your cones are fair as flowers."

When autumn came, the green leaves of the maple were changed to crimson and yellow. Everyone stopped to look at her; and children came each day to gather, from the lawn beneath, her gifts of crimson and gold.

Every day the little spruce loved her more, and wished to be like her. So she stretched her green branches for the birds, and kept her head straight and high to grow tall like the maple. She could not be a maple tree, with long branches and beautiful leaves. But she might become a fine spruce tree some day.

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II

spar'rows tore shel'ter bright'er

The days grew sharp and cold. The birds flew south, all but the sparrows and the woodpeckers. The north wind came at last with a roar and tore the last beautiful leaves from the maple boughs. Not a speck of crimson or yellow was left. Only her gray, bare branches tossed in the wind, and little brown birds held fast to their places.

The little spruce was sorry for her friend; but she could not bring back the beautiful leaves. So she called to the birds and gave them shelter from the wind. She could do that at least for the maple.

As the snows of winter fell, the green of the spruce seemed to grow brighter. The sparrows made their homes with her, and the children stopped to watch the picture she made against the snow.

"The spruce is the Christmas tree of the lawn," they said; "and the brown cones are

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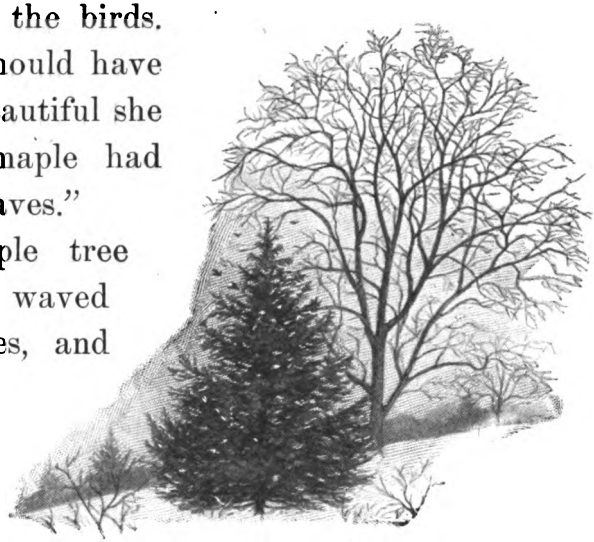
her gifts to the birds. We never should have seen how beautiful she is if the maple had kept her leaves."

The maple tree nodded and waved her branches, and the little spruce's heart was full of joy.



THE WIND

la'dies' skirts loud dif"fer ent beast

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky,
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

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I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid,
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

cous'in ba'con guest jel'ly
growl'ing re plied' scam'pered

Once upon a time, a town mouse went to see a cousin who lived in the country. The country cousin lived in a small, plain house and knew nothing of the fine ways of the city.

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When dinner-time came, the country mouse had only bacon and beans, cheese and bread, to set before his guest. The town mouse turned up his nose at this plain fare.

"Is this all you have to eat?" he asked. "I don't see how you live upon such poor food as this; but of course one cannot hope for anything better in the country.

"Come with me, Cousin, and I will show you food that is worth while. When you have been a week in town you will never wish to go back to the country."

The country mouse agreed to go, and the two set out for town. The way was long; and they reached the house late at night, tired and hungry.

"We must have something to eat after our long journey," said the town mouse. "Come with me into the dining room, Cousin."

Upon the table in the great dining room, they found what was left of a feast, pies, cake, jelly, and many other good things. You may be sure that they lost no time in beginning to eat.

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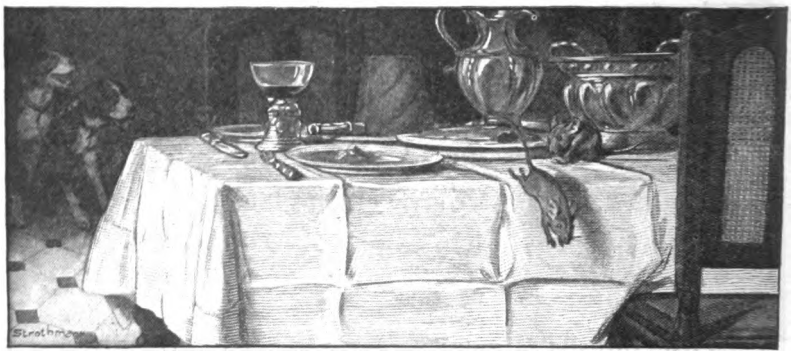
Soon the country mouse heard a growling and a barking. "What do I hear, Cousin?" he asked.

"It is only the house dogs," replied the town mouse.



"I do not like that kind of music at dinner," said the country mouse.

The growling and barking sounded nearer. The door flew open, and in came two great watch-dogs.

"Good-bye, Cousin," said the country mouse, as he scampered away.

"What! going so soon?" asked the other.

"Yes," replied his cousin. "I would rather have bacon and beans in peace than jelly and cake in fear." —Æsop.

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THE TOMATO STORY

I

to ma'to re mem'ber ped'dler wife bought
de light'ed fruit poi'son ous A mer'i ca

"Have another tomato, Johnny," said Grandma, when she saw that the last red slice had gone from Johnny's plate. "I think you like tomatoes."

"I do," said Johnny; "I like them raw, and cooked, and every way. Didn't you like tomatoes when you were little?"

"No," said Grandma; "but that was because I was a big girl before I ever tasted one. I never saw a tomato until I was thirteen years old.

"I can remember it very well. A peddler brought the seeds to mother. He used to come to our house bringing buttons, thread, and other little things to sell.

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"He would carry seeds and plants from one farmer's wife to the next, and everyone liked to see him.

"He came one spring morning, when I was just thirteen. After he had fed his horse, and mother had bought some of his wares, he sat down by the kitchen fire to wait for dinner.

"He began to feel about in his pockets for something. At last he drew out a very small package, and handed it to mother.

"'I've brought you some love-apple seeds,' he said. 'I got them in the city.'

"'Thank you, kindly,' said mother, as she took the little seeds. 'I'm delighted to get them. What kind of plant is the love-apple?'

"'It's a vine,' said the peddler. 'The man who gave me the seeds had his plants last year in a sunny fence corner. The flowers are small and yellow; but the fruit is bright red and grows as large as an apple. It's very pretty among the dark green leaves, but it's poisonous.

"'The seeds were brought from South America by the captain of a ship. Love-apples grow wild in South America.'"

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II

New York	sud'den ly	as ton'ished
heart'i ly	pre pare'	sug'ar

"So mother planted her love-apple seeds in a warm fence corner. They grew, and soon the little yellow flowers came. After the flowers, came the fruit. It was green at first, and then a beautiful red.

"We children would go out and look at the love-apples, talk about them, and wonder if it would hurt us if we just tasted one.

"One day mother heard us. She told us that she would have to pull up the vines and throw them away if we picked any of the fruit. We must not eat it, nor even touch it, because the peddler had said it was poisonous.

"We knew that mother would not like to throw away her love-apples, for no one else had any. So we kept away from the fence corner.

"The vine grew more and more, and the red fruit showed in new places every day. The birds came and ate all they wanted. They did not seem afraid of being poisoned.

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"One day, in the early fall, my uncle came from New York to make us a visit. When he went out into the garden, he walked toward the fence corner. Suddenly, he stopped, astonished.

"'Why, Mary,' he said, 'what fine tomato vines you have! Where did you get them?'

"'We call them love-apples,' said mother; and then she told him how the peddler had brought the seed.

"When uncle found that we were afraid to eat the fruit, he laughed heartily. Then he showed mother how to prepare some of the tomatoes for supper.

"That was my first taste of tomato, Johnny; and you shall have some for supper, prepared in the same way, with cream and sugar."

—FANNIE L. BRENT (*Adapted*).

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THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

I

hearth	hand'ful	straw	burn	boil
same	coal	ash'es	skin	broth

One day an old woman, who lived in the country, picked some beans from the garden to cook for dinner.

She had a good fire on her hearth, but she tossed on a handful of straw to make the fire burn quickly. As she put the beans into the pot to boil, one of them fell upon the floor not far from a wisp of straw.

At the same time a coal popped out of the fire and fell close beside the bean and the straw. They both started away, saying, "Dear friend, don't come near us until you are cooler. What brings you here?"

"Oh," replied the coal, "the heat made me so strong that I was able to jump from the fire. If I had not jumped, I should have been burned to ashes."

"I have come away with a whole skin,

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too," said the bean. "If the old woman had put me into the pot with the other beans, I should have been boiled to broth."

"I might have fared as ill," said the straw. "All my brothers were pushed into the fire by the old woman. She picked up a handful of us and brought us in here. But I slipped through her fingers just in time."

"What shall we do now?" asked the coal. "The old woman will find us if we stay here."

"Let us be friends," said the bean, "and go out together to see the world."

The coal and the straw at once agreed, and the three started together on their journey.

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II

puz'zled	dare	hiss	drowned
burst	tai'lor	sewed	fin'ished

They had not gone far when they came to a stream over which there was no bridge. They were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

At last the straw took heart and said, "I will lay myself across the stream from one side to the other. Then you can use me for a bridge."

He stretched himself from one bank to the other; and the coal, who was rather hot-headed, started across the stream.

When he reached the middle of the new bridge and heard the water rushing below him, he was badly frightened. He stood still. He did not dare to move for fear of falling into the stream. As the coal stood there the straw began to grow hot and burn.

At last the straw, being burned through by the heat of the coal, broke into pieces and fell

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into the brook. The coal, with a hiss, fell after him and was drowned.

The bean, who had stayed behind, was much amused at this. She laughed so heartily at

what happened to her friends that she burst her skin. Now she was almost as badly off as the straw and the coal.

Just then a tailor came to rest beside the brook, and saw the bean lying on the bank. He was a kind-hearted man, so he took a needle and thread out of his pocket, picked up the poor bean, and sewed the broken skin together.

When he had finished, the bean thanked him very much. The tailor had nothing but white thread; and since that time some beans have had a white stripe on one side.

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BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Scot'land	fought	en'emies	life	web
raft'ers	failed	sev'enth	taught	les'son

King Robert Bruce of Scotland was hiding one day in a hut in the forest. He was all alone and sick at heart.

He had fought six battles with the enemies of Scotland and had lost every battle. His soldiers had been killed or pushed back to the mountains. He himself had nothing to eat and no home but this hut in the forest.

"It is time to end the war," said Bruce. "I would give my life to make Scotland free, but her enemies are stronger than we are."

Just then he saw a spider trying to weave a web between two rafters. She would spin a long thread from one rafter, and then swing over to reach the other rafter.

Bruce sat watching her. Each time she almost fastened the thread. Six times she tried, and six times she failed.

"Brave spider!" said the King. "I have

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failed six times, too. If you win the seventh time, I too, will try again."

The spider dropped down on her fine thread

once more. Again she swung over to the rafter, and this time she fastened the web.

"You have taught me a lesson, little spider," said the King. "I will call my soldiers together and try once more to drive Scotland's enemies away."

He called his soldiers together, and fought the enemy once more. This time he won the battle and made Scotland free.

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ZELDA'S BEAR

I

set'tled neigh'bors fur'ni ture match'es
half No vem'ber black'ened shov'el hur'ry

Zelda Fields lived many years ago. When she was seven years old, her father moved to the far West and made a new home for his wife and daughter and Baby Dick.

There was only one house near the place where Mr. Fields settled. This house was built of logs, and two men lived in it.

Mr. Fields began at once to build a log house like this one. He cut the logs himself. His two neighbors helped him to build the house.

The house was to have only two rooms; and Mr. Fields made all the furniture, even the cradle for Baby Dick.

Mrs. Fields had no stoves and no matches. She cooked before a great open fireplace; and in the evenings the only light they had came from the burning logs in this fireplace.

When bedtime came, Mr. Fields raked the

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half-burned logs together and carefully covered them with ashes. In this way fire was kept for the coming day. Then a little dry bark and some fresh logs would soon start a roaring fire.

One misty morning in November, when Mrs. Fields raked away the ashes, there was no fire to be found. On the hearth were only blackened logs.

There were no matches in the house, nothing with which to start a fire. What was to be done? The children must have breakfast, and the baby must be kept warm.

"Zelda," said Mrs. Fields, going to the bed where Zelda and little Dick lay asleep, "you must wake and help me. I need a brave girl this morning. Are you my brave girl?"

"Yes, mother, I think I am," said Zelda, "What do you wish me to do?"

"The fire went out last night, and you must go over to the neighbors' for some live coals. Dress as quickly as you can, and take this large shovel. And you must hurry back, or the coals will burn out on the shovel."

"And Zelda dear," added her mother, "fol-

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low the path through the new field that father has cleared, and nothing will harm you."

II

of'ten	wolves	cour'age	clear'ly	hind
per haps'	thump'ing	fright	knee	real

Zelda took the shovel and ran down the narrow path toward the woods. It was early morning, and the mist made everything look strange.

Zelda had often heard her father and the neighbors speak of bears and wolves that lived in the woods, but she tried not to think of them now. Mother needed fire, and she must hurry.

At the end of the field the path led through the woods. The neighbors' house was almost a mile away.

When Zelda had climbed the fence and looked down the path under the great trees, she was very much afraid. But she did not think of turning back
brave girl? And was
home for the fire that

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began to sing to keep up her courage, and went on her way.

Everything was still. There was no breeze to stir the leaves, and even the birds made no friendly sound.

Soon she saw something large and black near the side of the road. She could not see clearly because of the mist; but surely that must be a bear! What else could be so large and black? It seemed to stand on its great hind legs and wait for her.

What should she do? If she turned and ran home, mother could not prepare the breakfast. Mother had said that nothing would harm her. Perhaps it was not a bear after all. She would wait and see.

Her heart was thumping against her ribs. Her mouth was dry with fright. She stood still in the road and watched the fearful thing.

It did not move or make any noise. She crept nearer. Still the black thing near the side of the road did not move.

As she crept nearer still, the mists cleared a little, and what do you suppose she saw? It

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as an old tree-trunk that had been partly urned and had been left standing in the field.

Zelda clapped her hands and shouted for joy. Her bear was only a half-burned tree, after all. How father and mother would laugh!

But when she told the story, father and mother did not laugh. Father took the brave girl on his knee and held her close.

"I'll be more careful in covering the fire, after this," he said. "And if it fails us another time, I shall go to the neighbors myself. We have but one Zelda, and there are real bears in the woods."

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GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

cu'ri ous flight neighed ox'en qui'et
though curt'sied fa'vor ite pray'er pil'low

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! Good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good night! Good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say with quiet delight,
"Good little girl! Good night! Good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;

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For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day.
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! Good morning! Our work is begun!"

—Richard Monckton Milnes.

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THE KING OF THE BIRDS

I

lan′guage twit′ter ing scream′ing whis′tling
lone′ly owl cho′sen tri′al sig′nal

Long, long ago, the birds had a language of their own, which every one could understand. It sounded like twittering, screaming, and whistling, and was really music without words.

About this time the birds began to think that they should be no longer without a master, so they decided to choose a king. The plover was the only bird who did not agree. He said that he had lived free, and that he wished to die free. But, as no one listened to him, he went back to his lonely home in the marsh.

One fine May morning the birds gathered in great numbers from woods, fields, and meadows. There were the eagle, the owl, the crow, the lark, the sparrow, and many more that we could name. There were flocks of little birds and, among these, a little bird without a name.

A hen that had heard nothing of the meet-

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ing was very much astonished to see all these birds gathered in one place.

"Cluck, cluck!" said she, "what is all this?"

"Be quiet, dear wife," said the rooster. "The birds have a meeting to choose a king."

The birds decided that the bird that could fly the highest should be chosen king.

The trial should be made the next morning when all the birds would be fresh from sleep.

Next morning, when the signal was given, all the birds rose in the air. The little birds went no farther than the tree tops, and then settled among the branches.

The large birds flew upward for a long time, and the eagle flew far above the rest. He went so high that, if the other birds had kept up with him, the sun would have put out their eyes.

When the eagle saw that the others could not follow, he thought to himself, "I need not fly farther. I am sure to be chosen king."

The birds beneath him said, "You must be our king! None can fly so high as you!"

"I can," said a little bird that had hidden

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among the eagle's wing-feathers. It was the bird that had no name.

Up he flew into the air until he seemed only a tiny speck. Then he folded his wings and sank slowly to the earth.

"I am king! I am king!" he said.

"You are not! You are not!" shouted the other birds. "No bird shall be our king who does not win in a fair trial. We must try some other way."

II

breast	cun'ning	pris'on er	star'ing
twice	flies	hedg'es	mock'er y

For the second trial they decided that the one should be king who could sink lowest in the earth.

The goose laid her broad breast on the ground. The rooster scratched a hole. The crow fell into a ditch and was hurt. The little bird without a name crept into a mousehole.

"I am king! I am king!" he said.

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"You are not our king!" said the birds. "Cunning tricks will not make you king!"

So they closed the hole and made him a prisoner, hoping that he would starve.

They placed the owl to watch the hole, because she had big, round eyes. Then all the rest of the birds went home to bed.

The owl stood staring at the mousehole until she became tired.

"I can close one eye, and watch with the other," said she. So she closed one eye.

The little bird peeped out once or twice, and at last thought he could slip away while the owl slept. But the owl saw him, and the little bird dropped back in a hurry.

Soon the owl thought that she might rest the open eye, and close the other. This plan worked so well that she kept on watching with first one eye and then the other, till far into the night. But once she forgot to open the closed eye and then she fell fast asleep.

The little bird peeped out, and saw the owl asleep. So he came out of the hole and flew off.

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From that time the owl has not dared to show herself by daylight for fear the other birds will pick off her feathers. She flies about

at night, and catches mice, who make holes in the ground.

The little bird without a name keeps out of her way for fear she may catch him by the neck and eat him for supper. He builds his nest in the hedges, and there he perches and sings. You can hear his little voice calling, "I am king! I am king!" The other birds call him "hedge king," in mockery.

—GRIMM (*Adapted*).

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

plen'ty pound gui tar' love'ly el'e gant
fowl charm'ing ly mar'ried quince

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar,

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"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married; too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

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"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

—EDWARD LEAR.

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ALEXANDER AND HIS HORSE

I

Phil'ip Mac'e don man'age lead **rear**
mount thrown Al ex an'der spoil

King Philip of Macedon wanted more horses, so he ordered his groom to buy some of a man who had brought horses to the city to sell. Among these horses was a large, beautiful, black horse.

When King Philip and some of his friends went to see the horses tried, they found that no one could manage the large black horse. When the grooms tried to lead him to the King, he would rear and plunge.

Each groom in turn tried to mount him, but not one could spring upon his back without being thrown to the ground. They whipped him; but whipping only made him rear and plunge the more, and at last all the grooms were worn out trying.

"Take this horse away and sell him, or kill

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him," said the King. "If he cannot be tamed, he is of no use to me."

Alexander, the King's son, was standing beside his father. He was then about fourteen years old. He loved horses very much, and he could ride well. He had been watching the men trying to quiet the horse, but had said nothing.

When two or three grooms were trying to lead the horse away, he said to his father, "It seems a pity to kill or to spoil such a fine horse as that. The grooms don't understand him."

"Are you wiser than the men?" asked King Philip. "You are only a boy."

"I am only a boy," said Alexander, "but I am sure I could manage the horse, if you would let me try."

"And if you fail, like the grooms," said the King, "then what will you do?"

"I will pay you the worth of the horse," said Alexander.

"You may try," said his father; "but, if you fail, I shall hold you to your word."

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II

reins dis'tance ex pect'ed stead'y foam
wor'thy ex'er cise con'quered fa'mous

Alexander took the reins in his hands and sent the frightened grooms away. He patted the horse's shining neck and turned him around so that he faced the sun.

The horse grew more quiet. He had been frightened by his own shadow. Still patting his neck, the boy led him a short distance and then jumped upon his back. Again the horse was frightened and began to plunge.

Everyone expected to see Alexander thrown to the ground and killed; but he kept his seat, speaking kindly to the horse and holding him with a steady hand. Finding that the boy could not be thrown, the horse bounded away like the wind.

Alexander gave him free rein and let him run until he was tired. Then, with more gentle words and friendly pats, he turned and rode back slowly to where the King was standing.

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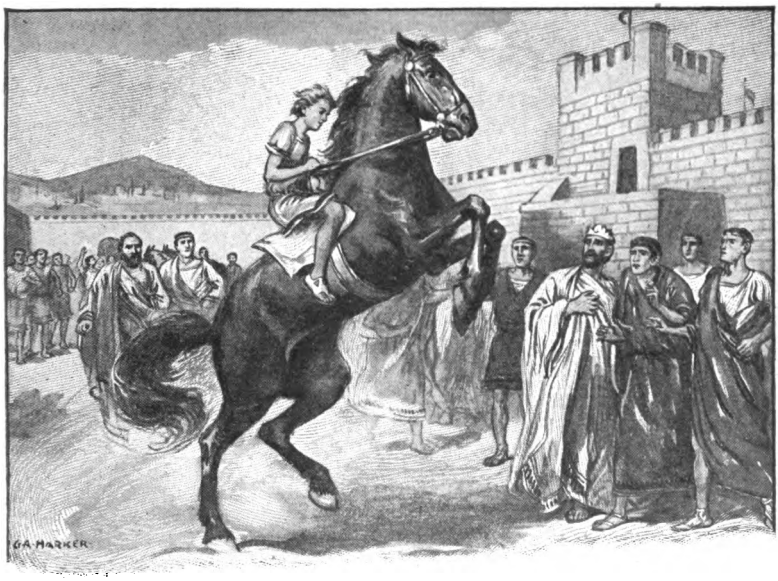
The horse was covered with foam, but he was no longer afraid.



All who had been watching this trial clapped their hands and shouted when they saw what Alexander had done.

"My son," said King Philip, with tears in his eyes, "Macedon is too small a kingdom for you. You must seek a larger one that will be worthy of you. You have proved yourself master of the horse. He is yours."

The big black horse and Alexander were

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soon the best of friends. The boy fed the horse with his own hands and gave him exercise every day. People said that they were always together. The horse would come at his master's call and would let him, but no one else, mount his back.

When Alexander became a man, he was a great general and conquered many countries. He became so famous at last, and his kingdom grew so large, that people called him "Alexander the Great."

The big black horse carried him through many battles; and as long as he lived, he was loved and cared for by his great master.

WHY THE CHIMNEY WAS NOT BUILT

ma'son car'ri ers har'ness ing jolt'ing or'chard crip'pled but'ter fly twin'kled at'tic hatched

A new chimney was to be built on Grandpa's house, and the boys were in high glee.

"Mike is coming to mix the mortar," said Jo,

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"and to carry it up the ladder to the mason. He brought some of the things over this morning."

"I know that," said Ben; "let's get his hod and play we are hod carriers. We can use mud, you know."

"Come on!" shouted Jo. "Mike left the hod leaning up against the barn."

On the way to the barn they saw Grandpa harnessing old Molly to the big, blue cart. That meant a jolly, jolting ride down to the orchard; and the boys forgot all about playing hod carrier as they climbed into the cart and jolted away.

"Mike and the mason are coming to-morrow, Grandpa," said Ben. His words were shaken out by the jolts of the cart. Grandpa shook his white head.

"Not to-morrow, boys," said Grandpa. "You must wait a bit longer. I have sent word to the mason and Mike not to come for a few weeks longer. I've decided to let the chimney wait."

"Why, Grandpa?" asked both the boys at once.

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Grandpa did not answer for a moment. He was driving old Molly carefully over to the side of the road. The boys looked out to see why, and there in the wheel track they saw a little crippled butterfly. Dear, kind Grandpa! There was room enough in his heart for every living thing.

"When we reach home, boys," he said at last, "I will show you why we must wait for the new chimney. A little bird told me about it," he added; and his eyes twinkled as he said this.

That was all the boys found out until they reached home. Then the same little bird told them, too.

Grandpa led them upstairs to the attic, and told them to be very quiet. The old chimney had been pulled down, half-way to the attic floor. They went over to it very softly; and Grandpa lifted them up, one after the other, to look down into it.

A little nest of mud, lined with thistledown and straws, rested on one of the bricks inside the chimney. On the nest sat a little chimney

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swallow. She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces looking down at her.

"I'm not afraid of you," she seemed to say. "Isn't this a fine, safe place for a nest? There are four speckled eggs under me. When they are hatched, and when the birds are brought up in the way little chimney swallows should go, then you may build your chimney, but not before."

And that was why Grandpa's new chimney had to wait.

—ANNIE H. DONNELL (*Adapted*).

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THE BOY AND THE NORTH WIND

I

store'room	fetch	yes'ter day	have'n't
sat'is fied	pla'cing	inn	spend

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had one son. She was sick and weak, so the boy had to go up into the storeroom to fetch the meal for cooking.

One day, as he stepped outside the storeroom, and started down the steps, the North Wind came puffing and blowing. He caught up the meal and hurried away.

The boy went back for more; but when he came out again, the North Wind carried this meal away with a puff. And so he did the third time, also.

This made the boy very angry; so he made up his mind to find the North Wind and ask him to give up the meal he had taken.

Off he went, but the way was long. He walked and walked, and at last came to North Wind's house.

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"Good day," said the boy, "and thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"Good day," answered North Wind, with his loud gruff voice; "and thank you for coming to see me. What do you want?"

"Please be kind enough to give back the meal you puffed away yesterday," said the boy. "We haven't much to live on; and if you keep puffing away the bit we have, we shall surely starve."

"I haven't your meal," said North Wind; "but if you are in such need as you say, I will give you a fairy cloth. This cloth will give you everything you want, if you only say, 'Cloth, spread yourself and serve up all kinds of good dishes.'"

With this the boy was very well satisfied; and, placing the cloth in his pocket, he started for home.

The way was long, and he knew that he could not reach home in a day; so, as the sun went down, he stopped on the way at an inn to spend the night.

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II

spo'ken es pe'cial ly land'lord ar rived'
fel'low be lieve' haste yon'der coins

When the people at the inn sat down to supper, the boy laid the cloth on a table and said, "Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

As soon as the words were spoken, the cloth did as it was told. Everyone thought the cloth a fine thing to have, especially the landlord.

So, at night, when all were fast asleep, the landlord took the boy's cloth and put another in its place. It looked just like the one North Wind had given him, but it could not serve so much as a piece of dry bread.

When the boy awoke, he placed the cloth in his pocket and started for home.

When he arrived, he said, "Mother, I have been to North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is. He could not give me back the meal he puffed away; but he gave me a fairy cloth. When I say, "Cloth, spread yourself, and serve

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up all kinds of good dishes, it gives me any kind of food I wish."

"All very true, I suppose," said the mother; "but seeing is believing. I shall not believe until I see."

The boy made haste to draw out a table. He placed the cloth on the table and said, "Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes." But the cloth failed to serve even a bit of dry bread.

"Well," said the boy, "there is no help for it now. I must go to North Wind again"; and away he went.

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"Good evening," said the boy. "Good evening," said North Wind. "What do you want?"

"I want my rights for the meal you blew away. The cloth you gave me was not worth a penny."

"I haven't your meal," said North Wind; "but yonder is a sheep that you may have. It coins money when you say, 'Sheep, sheep, make money.'"

The boy thought this was a fine thing, finer than the cloth. Being far from home, he stopped at the same inn again to spend the night.

III

wheth'er	truth	de mand'ed	stick
bench	pre tend'ed	de served'	treas'ures

Before he called for anything, he tried the sheep to see whether North Wind had told the truth. He said, "Sheep, sheep, make money!" And down fell the money.

The landlord saw what was done, and thought this was a good sheep to own. So when the boy was asleep, he stole the sheep and put an-

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other in its place. This sheep looked just like the other, but it could not make money.

Next morning, off went the boy to his mother with the sheep.

"Mother," he said, "North Wind is a jolly fellow after all. He has given me a sheep that can make money. I have only to say, 'Sheep, sheep, make money,' and down falls the money."

"All very true, I suppose," said his mother; "but seeing is believing. I shall not believe any such stuff until I see the money."

"Sheep, sheep, make money!" said the boy; but the sheep did not give so much as a penny.

Back went the boy with the sheep to North Wind. The sheep was worth nothing, he told him; and he demanded his rights for the meal.

"I have nothing more to give you," said North Wind, "unless you take that old stick in the corner. If you say, 'Stick, stick, lay on!' the stick pounds away until you say, 'Stick, stick, now stop!'"

The boy took the stick and again started for home. As the way was long, he stopped at the same inn that night. He could pretty well

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guess what had happened to his cloth and his sheep; so he lay down upon a bench, and soon pretended to be asleep.

The landlord thought that the stick might be worth something; so he hunted up another to put in its place. When he heard the boy snore, he started to change the two sticks; but the boy called out, "Stick, stick, lay on!"

So the stick beat the landlord until he jumped over chairs and benches and tables, screaming with all his might.

"Oh my! Oh my! Bid the stick be still, or it will beat me to death. Bid it be still, and you shall have back your cloth and your sheep!"

When the boy thought that the landlord had had all he deserved, he said, "Stick, stick, now stop!"

Then the landlord, who was very much afraid of another beating, gave him the right cloth and the right sheep. And with his three treasures he went home to his mother.

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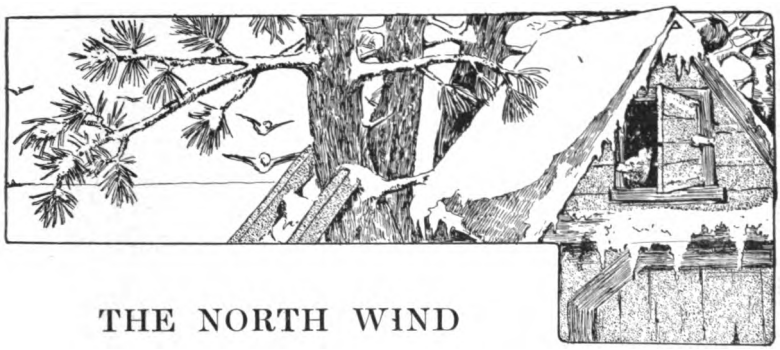

THE NORTH WIND

he'll hive dor'mouse snug
weath'er skip them selves'

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;
And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn, and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;
And what will the Swallow do then, poor
thing?
Oh! do you not know that he went long ago
To a country much warmer than ours, poor
thing?

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The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Honey Bee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball, in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Children do then, poor things?
When lessons are done, they'll jump, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, poor things!

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IN LAPLAND

I

north'ern Nor'way Lapp Lap'land months
forth ev'er green rein'deer dried

Lars and Ingeborg live among the great hills in the northern part of Norway. They are Lapp children, and this part of Norway is called Lapland.

The warm, sunny summers of Lapland are very short. Toward the close of the summer, the days grow shorter and shorter. Then, at last, the sun sets and does not rise again for eight weeks.

Think of not seeing the sun for two whole months! How glad everyone in Lapland must be to see it again! How eagerly everyone must watch to see it first peep over the snow-covered hills!

Ingeborg and Lars like the long winter. The sun does not shine for weeks, it is true; but the stars are very bright. Best of all, the beautiful Northern Lights flash back and forth across

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the dark sky. Have you ever seen the Northern Lights?

Suppose we visit Lars and Ingeborg and see how they live.

They are standing outside their house to greet us. Their house is a tent, made of thick woolen cloth. It has a flap for a door, and a hole at the top for a chimney. The one room in the tent is very small and low.

A fire is burning on the floor in the middle of the tent. The rest of the floor is covered with evergreen boughs, over which reindeer skins are spread.

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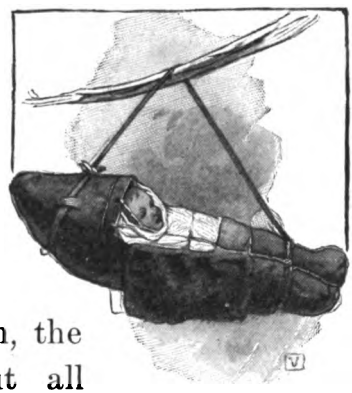
A pot is hanging over the fire; and in this pot dried reindeer meat is cooking. Mother Hilda places the coffee-pot over the coals, and soon the smell of boiling coffee rises with the smell of the meat.



There is a thumping of snowshoes against the tent, outside; and in walks Sven, the father. He has been out all day, watching his reindeer, and is hungry for his supper.

Mother Hilda pours us each a cup of coffee, and Sven passes us each some reindeer meat in a little wooden dish. We have to eat with our fingers; but how good this meal tastes after the long ride over the snow!

Dogs are watching us while we eat, waiting for the bones and bits of meat. From one of the tent poles overhead, swings baby Thelma in her cradle. Mother Hilda lifts her down, cradle and all, and gives her a cup of reindeer milk mixed with water.

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When supper is over, we sit about the fire and talk. Then, each one, dressed just as he is, creeps into a bag made of reindeer skin. He pulls the flap over his head, and is soon fast asleep.

II

cloth'ing	sledg'es	bag'gage	strapped
glides	checks	speed.	fam'i ly

Sven and his friends could not live without the reindeer; for, from the reindeer, the Lapp gets his clothing and his food. The reindeer pull his sledges and carry his baggage, when he moves from place to place.

In Lapland the reindeer decide when their master must move to a new home. I will tell you why.

The reindeer of Lapland feed upon the hard gray moss that grows among the rocks. In winter, they make holes in the snow with their hoofs and horns, to reach the moss beneath. Think how soon a herd of cows would eat all the grass from a field. So, a herd of reindeer

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soon eat all the moss from the rocks where they are pastured. When that place is bare, they seek food in some other place.

So, when Sven's reindeer move, Sven and his family must move also. Sven and Lars take

down the tent and roll it up. Hilda and Ingeborg pack the wooden bowls and the skins.

All these things are strapped upon the backs of reindeer. Baby Thelma is hung upon her mother's back, and away go the family to follow the herd!

When a fresh pasture of moss is found, the

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reindeer stop to feed, and Sven sets up his tent again.

Now do you see why this family lives in a tent, and why Hilda's dishes are made of wood?

When Sven is ready to look after his herd, he fastens snowshoes over his fur shoes. He takes a long stick in his hand, and glides away over the snow to the feeding grounds.

As Sven moves forward, he slides the snowshoes along; he does not raise them from the snow. His stick is tipped with iron. He uses it to check his speed, or to push himself along.

When Sven is going down hill on his snowshoes, he keeps his feet side by side. He looks then as if he stood on sled runners, and he goes like the wind.

All the family learn to move on snowshoes. Lars and Ingeborg try to jump and slide on them, as they play about the tent.

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THE WISHING

I

thatched	shep'herd	cloak	leg'gings
frank	plain'ly	crul'ler	who ev'er

High on a mountain, which was green all summer, but very white and cold all winter, lived a little boy. He lived in a little house made of large stones. The roof was thatched with straw, and on it were piled many heavy stones to keep the wind from blowing the straw away.

Near the house was a great pen, or fold, for sheep; for the boy's father was a shepherd. He kept the flock that belonged to a rich man who lived some distance away.

The boy's name was Kasper. He wore a thick green cloak, strong brown leggings, long red stockings, heavy shoes, and a fur cap. The cap was made of a red fox's skin, and the fox's bushy tail hung down Kasper's back.

Klinka, a little girl who lived five miles away, used to call him Foxy, or Mr. Sly Fox.

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But Kasper was not sly at all. He was a frank fellow, who said plainly what he thought.

One day Klinka placed a cruller under a stone. Then she told Kasper that she knew

where a ring was hidden. It was big enough for a giant's little finger, she said, and yet she could put it all in her mouth. Kasper opened his big blue eyes in wonder.

"Why, Klinka!" said he, "perhaps it is a wishing ring."

"Yes, Foxy," said Klinka, laughing, "it is a wishing ring, because whoever has one wishes

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for another." Then she took him to the stone and told him to lift it. When he had lifted the stone he saw the wonderful ring.

"Ah, Klinka," said Kasper, as he took a bite, "I wish there was another for you. Take half of mine!"

"No," said Klinka, pulling a cruller from her pocket, "here is another. You see it is a real wishing ring."

"Let us wish for something we want," said Kasper, laughing.

"Well," said Klinka, "wish in my ear, and perhaps the wish will come true."

"Then," said Kasper, "you must wish in my ear, too."

II

sheep'fold skim'ming church ser'vice

The mountain was very white and cold. The snow had piled about Kasper's house until you could see only the stones on the roof.

One little path led to the sheepfold. To go to any other place, Kasper and his father put on their snowshoes.

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Kasper was skimming over the snow on his snowshoes, his green cloak pulled about him and his ears almost as red as the fox's tail. He was going to Klinka's house, five miles away.

"To-morrow will be Christmas," said Kasper as he flew along over the snow, "and Klinka's wish will come true; for here it is under my cloak." And he put his hand under his cloak to make sure that Klinka's wish was safe.

"To-morrow," said Klinka, as she stood in the little kitchen, five miles away, "Kasper's wish will come true, because it is here in the great basket; and if the snow doesn't fall too fast, father will carry it over to-night."

Can you guess what was in the basket, and what Kasper had under his cloak?

The next morning the little church on the mountain was very beautiful. When it was quite early and still dark, people were skimming over the snow to the early Christmas service. The bright, soft light shining from the windows of the little church showed them the way through the darkness.

When Kasper looked in at the church door

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he said to himself, "There's Klinka! and what a lot of greens and berries!"

When service began, Kasper and Klinka forgot all about the wishes, and remembered only that it was Christmas day. But as soon as the service was over, Kasper crept behind Klinka and whispered, "Merry Christmas and lots of eggs!"

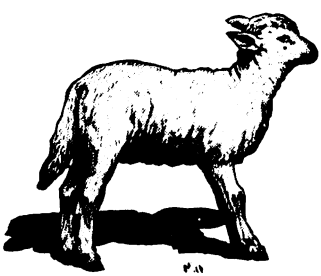
"Merry Christmas, and a whole flock of sheep," said Klinka softly, turning her bright face about and nodding her little head.

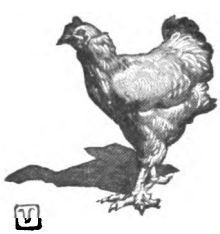
Klinka had wished for fifty hens, and Kasper for a whole flock of sheep.

"I am going to call my hen Pecksey," said Klinka.

"And my lamb's name is Fleecey," said Kasper.

—C. L. Condit.





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A WINTER SONG

sea'sons	breath	snow'flakes	blos'soms
gleam'ing	mer'ri ly	health	blus'ter ing

Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
The king of the seasons is he,
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.
He piles up the beautiful snowflakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the north wind shakes them,
Like a shower of blossoms down.

Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
Who shouts at the door by night,
"Come out where the ice is gleaming
Like steel in the cold moonlight."
Like swallows over the water
The skaters merrily go,
There's health in the blustering breezes,
And joy in the beautiful snow.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

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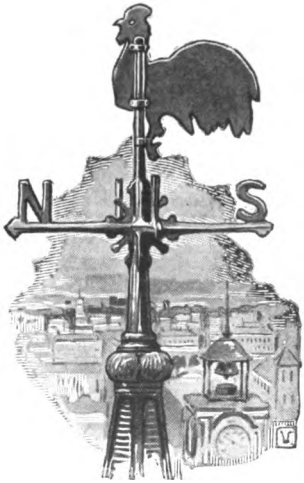
LITTLE HALF CHICK

I

ex cept′	queer	twelve	poul′try
u′sual	sil′ly	mind	high′way



A long, long time ago there was a handsome black hen that had a large family of chickens. They were all fine little birds, except the youngest, and he was quite different from the others.

He was such a queer-looking little fellow that when he first peeped out of his shell the hen could hardly believe her eyes. The other twelve were pretty, fluffy little chicks; but this one had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and one ear, and half a bill, and half a tail! His mother shook her head sadly every time that she looked at him.

"You are only a Little Half Chick," she

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said; "and you will never be able to rule a poultry yard."

But Little Half Chick thought differently. Though he had only one leg, he loved to run away. When the family went out to walk, he would hide in the corn; and when his good mother called him, he would always pretend that he could not hear her, because he had only one ear.

One day, when he had been away longer than usual, he hopped up to his mother in the barnyard, hoppity-kick, and said:

"Mother, I am tired of this farm; I am going off to Madrid to see the king."

"To Madrid!" said his mother. "Why, you silly chick, it is too long a way. Stay at home; and some day, when you are bigger, I will take you on a journey."

But, no; Little Half Chick had made up his mind. Without even saying good-bye, off he hopped, all alone, along the highway that led to Madrid.

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II

flow	wa'ver ing	chest'nut
moan'ing	stee'ples	a head'

As he went along, he took a short cut which led through a field, and came to a brook. Now, the brook was so filled with weeds that it could not flow.

"Oh, Little Half Chick, help me!" it cried. "Pull out my weeds!" it called, as Little Half Chick hopped along the bank.

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick, shaking the feathers in his little half tail. "Help yourself. I am off to Madrid to see the king." And, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away went Little Half Chick.

But before he had gone very far he came to a fire in the woods. Now, the fire was going out because it had no sticks.

"Oh, Little Half Chick," it cried in a weak, wavering voice, "help me! Fetch me some sticks and dry leaves."

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick.

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"Help yourself. I am off to Madrid to see the king." And, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away went Little Half Chick.

The next morning, as he was coming near Madrid, he passed a large chestnut tree; and he heard a great moaning and sighing in its branches, for the wind was caught there.

"Oh, Little Half Chick," cried the wind, "do help me. Hop up here and pull me out of the branches!"

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick. "Help yourself. I am off to Madrid to see the king."

And, hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away went Little Half Chick, in great glee, for now he saw the roofs and steeples of Madrid just ahead.

III

cas'tle	a las'	straight'way	un com'fort a ble
trou'ble	lift'ed	which ev'er	weath'er cock

When he went into the town he saw a splendid castle with soldiers before the gates.

"This must be the king's house," said Little

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Half Chick, "and I have come to rule the king's poultry yard."

But alas! As soon as the king's cook saw Little Half Chick hopping through the gates, he said:

"The very thing I wanted for the king's dinner," and he straightway caught Little Half Chick and popped him into the broth pot. Now, it was wet and uncomfortable in the broth pot.

"Water, water," cried Little Half Chick, "do not wet me so!"

"Ah!" cried the water, "when I was in trouble you would not help me." And the water bubbled and boiled around Little Half Chick.

"Fire, fire, do not cook me!" cried he.

"Ah!" cried the fire, "when I was in trouble you would not help me." And the fire went on cooking Little Half Chick.

Just then the wind came hurrying along to see what all the noise in the King's kitchen was about, and Little Half Chick called to it:

"Wind, wind, come and help me!"

"Ah!" cried the wind, "when I was in trouble you would not help me; but come."

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Then the wind lifted Little Half Chick out of the broth pot and blew him out of the window. Up and down the highways and over the roofs the wind tossed him, until Little Half Chick could hardly breathe. On and on they went, until they came to the highest steeple in all Madrid. There the wind left Little Half Chick, on the tip-top of the steeple, standing on his one leg and looking off over the world with his one eye.

And there he stands to-day. Whichever way the wind blows, that way must Little Half Chick turn. He can never step down, for this is the story of the first weathercock.

—From the Spanish.

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

I

shoe′mak er	earn	leath′er	al read′y
stitch	cus′tom er	wil′ling	day′break

There was once a shoemaker who worked very hard. Still he could not earn enough to

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live on. At last there came a day when all he had in the world was gone except leather enough to make one pair of shoes. He cut these out at night, and meant to rise early the next morning to make them.

His heart was light, in spite of his troubles; for he knew that he had done no wrong. So he went to bed and soon fell asleep. In the morning, he sat down to work; but what was his wonder to see, standing there upon the table, the shoes already made!

The good man did not know what to say or think. He picked up the shoes and looked at them. There was not one poor stitch in the whole job. The work was neat and true.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes pleased him so much that he was quite willing to pay a price higher than usual for them. The shoemaker took the money and bought leather enough to make two pairs more. He cut out the leather in the evening and went to bed early. He wished to be up with the sun to work at his bench.

He was saved this tro

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he got up in the morning, the work was done. Soon customers came in, who paid him well for the pairs of shoes. So he bought leather enough for four pairs more.

Again, he cut out the work at night, and again he found it finished in the morning as before. So it happened every day, for some time. The work that he cut out at night was always ready by daybreak, and the good man was soon well to do.

II

cur'tain	mid'night	bus'i ly	light'ning
thank'ful	waist'coat	breech'es	in stead'

One evening, at Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting by the fire, he said to her:

"I should like to sit up and watch to-night, and see who it is that comes and does my work for me."

His wife liked the thought. So they left the light burning, and hid themselves behind a curtain to see what would happen.

As soon as it was midnight, there came two

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little elves. They sat upon the shoemaker's bench, took the leather that had been cut out, and began to work busily. They stitched and

rapped and tapped at such a rate that the shoemaker wondered and could not take his eyes off them for a moment.

On they went busily till the job was finished and the shoes, ready for use, stood upon the table. This was long before daybreak. Then they ran away as quick as lightning. The next day the wife said to the shoemaker:

"These little elves have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them and do them some good in return. I am sorry to see them

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run about as they do. They have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold.

"I'll tell you what we must do; I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and a waistcoat, and a pair of little breeches besides. Do you make each of them a pair of little shoes."

The good shoemaker liked the thought very well. One evening he and his wife had the clothes ready, and laid them on the table instead of the leather they used to cut out. Then they went and hid behind the curtain to watch what the little elves would do.

At midnight the elves came in and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying there for them, they laughed and were in high glee.

They dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door and over the green.

The shoemaker saw them no more, but everything went well with him from that time on, as long as he lived.

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THE FAIRY BOOK

curl a board′ rhyme vel′vet an′i mals

When Mother takes the Fairy Book
And we curl up to hear,
'Tis "All aboard for Fairyland!"
Which seems to be so near.

For soon we reach the pleasant place
Of Once Upon a Time,
When birdies sing the hour of day,
And flowers talk in rhyme;

Where Bobby is a velvet Prince,
And where I am a Queen;
Where one can talk with animals,
And walk about unseen;

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Where Little People live in nuts,
And ride on butterflies,
And wonders kindly come to pass
Before your very eyes;

It is the nicest time of day—
Though Bedtime is so near,—
When Mother takes the Fairy Book
And we curl up to hear.

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

THE BOYS OF SPARTA

Spar'ta	sur round'ed	de clared'	brick
spear	bar'racks	charge	shield

In the city of Sparta, long ago, all the men were brave soldiers. Every free man was ready to march to battle at the call of the king.

At that time, most cities were surrounded by high, thick walls to keep them safe from enemies. But the kings of Sparta declared that their city needed no walls while their subjects

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were brave and true. The trained army was a wall, and every man a brick.

Spartan boys and girls were carefully trained in all exercises that would keep them well and make them strong. They ran races, jumped, walked long distances, and learned to play ball and to swim. The boys, especially, were trained in many ways to make their arms steady to throw the spear, and their eyes quick to point the arrow.

When the boys were seven years old, they were sent to live with the men in barracks, like soldiers. Here they learned to go barefoot, to wear one coat winter and summer, and to gather reeds and rushes to make into beds. They lived on the plainest food, and often went to bed hungry.

Once, when Sparta was in danger, and needed more soldiers, these boys thought that they

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might fight for their city. So they marched to the old men who had charge of the barracks and asked that they might be sent to fight the enemy.

"Have you ever slept on the bare ground all night?" asked the men.

"No," said the boys, "we have slept only on rush beds on the ground."

"Have you ever gone without food all day and all night?" asked the men.

"No, we have not," replied the boys.

"Are you strong enough to march all night, carrying your shield and your arms, and to fight the next day?" asked the men.

The boys were not sure about this.

"Then you are not ready to be soldiers, and fight the enemy. You can serve Sparta better by first learning to do everything well that boys can do. Go back to your games and your work in the barracks. When you are ready for the work that men do, Sparta will call."

So the boys marched back to do boys' work and to get ready in the right way for Sparta's call.

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WILLIAM TELL

I

Swit'zer land	cham'ois	weap'on	stran'gers
of'fi cer	ty'rant	wor'ry	pub'lic

Many years ago, so the story goes, there lived in Switzerland a man named William Tell. He was a brave hunter, and lived among the mountains. He was strong of arm, and as sure of foot as the goats and chamois that he hunted. His favorite weapon was the cross-bow, and no man in all Switzerland could shoot as well as he.

Switzerland is a free country now; but when William Tell lived, it was ruled by strangers who had no love for the beautiful land. They did all they could to make the people unhappy.

The king who ruled the country lived far away. His chief officer in Switzerland was named Gessler. Gessler was a cruel tyrant, and liked nothing better than to think of some way to hurt and worry the people of Switzerland.

"I am afraid that these people do not understand that I am their master," he said one day.

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"I must show them that I am. Hang my hat on a pole in the public square, and let no one pass before it without bowing."

"Two officers carried the hat to the public square, and set it up on a pole. Then they sounded a trumpet and called aloud to all the people in the town to bow before Gessler's hat as they passed. These two officers did not like to do as Gessler told them, but they had to obey.

You may be sure that the people in the town tried in every way they could to keep away from the public square. When they needed to buy food, or to do work in some other part of the town, they walked blocks out of the way, rather than bow before Gessler's hat.

II

halt	re fused′	when ev′er	chance
mark	beg	fit′ted	aim

One day, William Tell came down from the mountains with his little son Walter. Walter's grandfather lived in the town, and they came to see him. Tell had not heard about Gessler's

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hat, so he walked by the public square, as usual.

"Halt!" said one of the officers, "Do you not see Gessler's hat?"

"I see a hat," said Tell, "and it may be Gessler's. But what of that?"

"You must bow whenever you pass by Gessler's hat, just as you would if you should meet the owner," said the officer.

"That I will never do," said Tell.

"Then you must go to prison," said the officer. "Those are my orders."

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Tell refused to be taken, and the officers called for help.

Just then, Gessler rode up with some friends and his guard.

"What is all this noise about?" asked he.

"Tell refuses to bow before your hat, and he refuses to go to prison," answered one of the men.

"So this is Tell," said Gessler, looking at the prisoner. "I have heard of you, my man. Your friends say that you shoot better than anyone else in Switzerland. Now you shall have a chance to free yourself. One arrow shot from your cross-bow is all that is needed to set you free."

Tell was glad to hear this.

"Show me the mark," said he, stringing his bow, "and let some one mark off the distance. At what shall I shoot?"

"Is this your son?" asked Gessler, pointing to Walter.

"Yes," answered Tell.

"Is he a brave boy?" asked Gessler.

"Yes," answered Tell.

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"Then he can help you," said Gessler. "You must shoot an apple from his head."

"Do not ask me to do that!" cried Tell. "He is my own son. What if I should not hit the apple and hit my son? Ask me to do anything else, and I will gladly obey; but I cannot do that!"

"You will not fail to hit the apple," said Gessler. "You shoot better than anyone else in Switzerland, and I am sure that your son will stand still."

"Again I beg you, do not ask me to do this thing," said Tell. Then many other people begged Gessler to give Tell something else to do. The cruel tryant refused them all.

"I am not afraid, dear father," said Walter. "I will stand still in my place; and you know you never fail to hit the mark. I am ready. See, father!"

Tell looked at his brave boy. Slowly, he placed an arrow in his belt. Then he fitted another to his cross-bow and, taking careful aim, shot at the apple.

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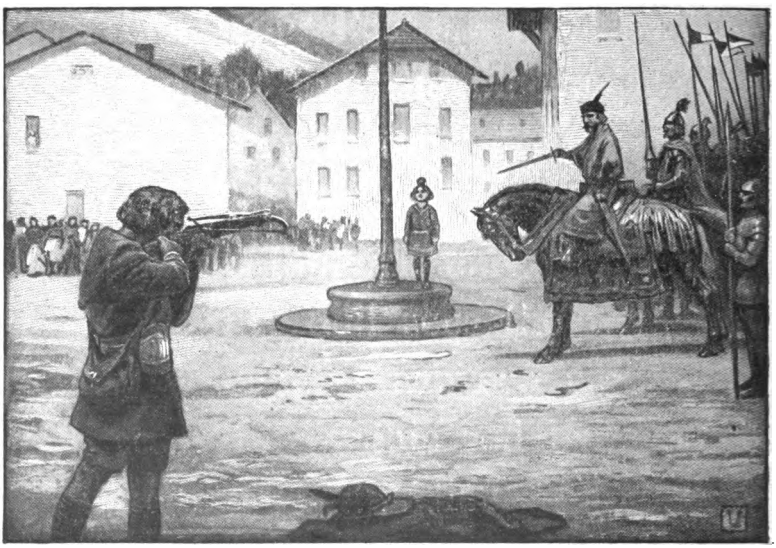
III

pierced	thank'ful ness	proud
prom'ised	seize	dun'geon

The people shouted, but Tell did not know why. He had turned his eyes as the arrow left the bow, and he did not dare to look again.



Had the arrow pierced Walter's brain? Tell stood there, with eyes still turned away, trembling with fear.

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It was only a moment, but to Tell it seemed hours before he heard the hurry of little feet, and a voice that he feared he never should hear again.

"Here I am, safe and sound, father, dear! The apple is shot right through the middle. See what your arrow has done!"

You may be sure that there was joy and thankfulness in Tell's heart, as he clasped the boy in his arms. You may be sure that the grandfather was proud of the brave boy. All the people said that the boy's heart was as brave as his father's arm was true.

Hand in hand, the three started away; for Gessler had promised that Tell should be free if he shot the apple from his son's head. But Gessler called to him to wait.

"You have a second arrow in your belt," he said to Tell. "Why did you place it there?"

"That second arrow was meant for you, tyrant, if I had killed my boy," said Tell.

"You hear what he says," cried Gessler to the people. "He would kill me. Seize him, my men, and away with him to the dungeon!"

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Then the soldiers bound Tell's arms and marched him away.

IV

helms'man	steer	quiv'er
ceased	doz'en	free'dom

Now the dungeon was beneath a strong castle that Gessler had built on the far side of the lake. The way to the dungeon was by boat, across the lake. So Tell was placed in Gessler's boat, and prisoner and soldiers were soon speeding across the water.

Dark clouds arose, lightning flashed, and thunder roared. A strong wind dashed the waves against the boat. Soon the blinding rain began to fall, and the soldiers feared that they all would be lost.

"Tell knows this lake better than we do," said the helmsman, at last. "Shall we not free his arms and let him steer the boat? If he cannot save us, who can?"

"Yes, yes, set him free," cried the soldiers who were rowing. "Let him steer."

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Tell's arms were soon unbound. He quietly pushed his cross-bow and quiver near the helm, and steered the boat for the shore. He was making for a little point of land that lay not far away.

As the boat neared this headland, Tell changed its course until the stern instead of the bow touched the shore. Grasping his cross-bow and quiver, he sprang upon the shore. Then, turning quickly, with the heavy end of the cross-bow he pushed the boat back into the lake, and ran up the mountain side like a chamois.

The storm ceased later; and the soldiers landed in safety, but not to lock Tell in the dungeon. He knew the mountains well, and the mountain people knew and loved him. Not half a dozen Gesslers could have found him again.

Soon after this, the people of Switzerland decided that it would be better to fight for freedom, even if they died for it, than to bear the tyrant longer. Tell was called to be their leader, and at last they drove the strangers out of Switzerland.

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THE WREN AND THE BEAR

I

wren king'ly com'mon den

It was a fine summer morning. The sun shone warm and bright. Flowers and grass were covered with dew.

The wolf and the bear were taking a walk in the woods. They heard the sweet song of a bird.

"What bird is that, Brother Wolf?" asked the Bear.

"That, Brother Bear, is the king of the birds, and we must always bow before him," said the wolf.

They had heard the little wren singing. The wren is sometimes called "the hedge king."

"If that is the king of birds, I should like to see his kingly palace," said the bear. "Come show me the way, Brother Wolf."

"I cannot show you the palace now, Brother Bear. Wait until the queen comes home," said the Wolf.

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Soon the king and the queen both came home. They had food in their bills for the little wrens. The nest was hidden away in a large bush. The king and the queen went into the nest with the food.

"Let us follow them and see the palace, Brother Wolf," said the bear.

"No, Brother Bear," said the Wolf. "Wait until the king and the queen go away." Then the wolf and the bear went away.

When the wolf went home, the bear crept back to the palace. The king and the queen were away. The bear saw five little birds in the nest, all alone.

"Is this the king's palace?" he asked. "This is no palace, and you are only common birds."

When the little wrens heard this, they were very angry.

"We are not common children," they said. "Our father is king, and our mother is queen. You shall be sorry for what you have said, Mr. Bear."

This made the bear afraid, and he hurried back to his den. The little birds cried and cried

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until the father and mother came home with more food.

"The bear came to see us while you were away," they said. "He told us we were not

king's children, but only common birds. We will not eat a bite until you show him that you are the king."

"Don't cry, my children," said the king, "I will soon settle that matter with the bear."

He flew to the bear's den and shouted, "You old growling Bear, you shall be sorry for what you said to my children. I am king, and I declare war against you." Then he flew home to his wife and children.

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II

deer gnats hor'nets arm'ies

War was declared between the hedge king and the bear. The bear called all the four-footed animals to help him. He sent for the ox, the donkey, the deer, the wolf, and all the four-footed animals to be found in the world.

The king called all the animals that fly in the air. He asked help of the big birds and the little birds, the flies and the gnats, the bees and the hornets.

When the two armies were ready, the king sent a spy to the camp of the bear. He wanted to find out who was the leader of the bear's army.

The gnat was chosen as the spy because he was very small. He flew into the woods where the four-footed animals were gathered. The old growling bear sat under a tree. The gnat lit on the under side of a leaf near the bear's head so she could hear all that was said.

The bear called to the fox:

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"Fox," he said, "you are the most cunning animal. You must be our general. You must lead our army against the enemy."

"I will be your general," said the fox. "I will march in front of the army. I have a fine bushy tail. The animals must follow me as long as they see the top of my bushy tail. When I let my tail hang down, they must turn and run as fast as they can."

When the gnat heard all this, she flew home to the king and told him what the bear and the fox had said. The king sent for the hornet and whispered something in his ear.

III

whiz'zing	buz'zing	dread'ful	crea'tures
stung	howled	nest'lings	par'don

Early in the morning the battle began. The four-footed animals came with such a tramping of hoofs and such barking and growling, that the earth shook.

The king's army flew through the air. They came with such whizzing and buzzing that it was

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dreadful to hear. The fox led the army of the four-footed animals. The eagle led the flying creatures.

When the two armies met, the hornet flew down and stung the fox on the under side of his tail. This hurt so much that the fox jumped, but he kept his tail in the air.

The hornet stung again, with all his might. The pain was so great that the poor fox let his tail hang down for a moment.

When the hornet stung the third time, the fox dropped his tail and howled with pain.

When the animals could no longer see his bushy tail, they thought that all was lost. They turned and ran, everyone to his own den. The king had won the battle.

The king and the queen flew back to their children.

"Be happy, children. Eat and drink now, for we have won the battle," they said.

"No," said the nestlings, "we will not eat yet. You have won the battle, but the bear has not said he is sorry. We cannot eat until he tells us we are the king's children."

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The king flew to the bear's den. "You old growling Bear," he said. "You must go to my nest and ask pardon for what you said. You must tell my children that you know they are the king's children."

The bear was very much afraid. He crept to the nest and asked for pardon. He told the little wrens that he was sure they were king's children.

The little birds were happy once more. They ate and drank and had a merry time in the palace of the king.

HUNTING THE RED DEER

I

I a'goo mar'vel ous trav'el er No ko'mis
Hi a wa'tha roe'buck ant'lers coughed
chat'tered slum'ber

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,

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Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin,
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

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But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

II

thick'et	nos'trils	flecked	flut'tered
birch	pal'pi ta ted	mo'tion	fa'tal

Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;

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Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled;
But the weary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GRACE DARLING

I

is'lands lan'tern tow'er vil'lage re main'
prac'tice sail'or wreck strength launch

There is a lighthouse on one of the Farne Islands, near the southeast coast of Scotland. Its light shines far out to sea, to warn ships at night or in time of storm, to steer away from the rocky shore.

Many years ago the keeper of this lighthouse was a man named Darling, and he had a daughter named Grace. Grace lived with her mother and father on the island and helped to take care of the great lantern in the lighthouse tower.

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When food or anything else was needed, Grace or her father would row to the village on the mainland. When one went, the other had always to remain at home to take charge of the lighthouse. In this way, Grace had practice in rowing and managing a boat; and before long she became a skillful sailor.

One September day a great storm arose. The strong wind drove a ship upon the low rocks of an island near the lighthouse. The wind and the waves broke the ship into pieces against the rocks, and half of it drifted quickly away to sea.

Grace and her mother and father watched the wreck from the lighthouse. They saw one half drift out to sea. They saw the sailors clinging to the other half upon the rocks. Every wave dashed over them; their strength must soon be gone.

"We must save those sailors, father," said Grace at last.

"How can we, child?" asked her father. "No boat could live in this storm."

"But we must try, father," said Grace.

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"There is no one else near, and they are looking to us for help. Please help me to launch the boat; and if we pull hard, we may reach the wreck in time."

II

suc ceed'ed	oar	im pos'si ble	blaz'ing
wounds	mar'ble	mon'u ment	un sel'fish

The wind beat against them, and nearly tore the clothes from their bodies. The heavy waves dashed over them and wet them to the skin. But at last they succeeded in launching the boat.

Grace took one oar, and her father took the other; and together they rowed slowly to the wreck. There, the waves were so high and the wind so strong that it was almost impossible to reach the men. However, one by one, they were at last helped into the boat.

They were weak with cold and hunger and thirst, and not one was able to help at an oar. So Grace and her father alone rowed the heavy boat back through the tossing sea. Back through the dark and the wind they pulled, until all were landed safely on the shore.

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In the keeper's room, under the big light, a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth. How good it felt to the chilled and hungry men! They threw themselves down before it, and Grace and her father brought them food and drink.

The rough rocks had hurt them and torn their sailor clothes. Mrs. Darling dressed their wounds, and brought them warm, dry clothes. Grace helped to mend their torn ones, and cheered them with kind words.

She was as good a nurse as she was a sailor, and the men whose lives she helped to save never forgot her kindness and her courage.

Everyone soon came to know the story of Grace Darling, and to love the brave young girl. She had risked her life to save others; and that is as much as a soldier can do, who risks his life in battle.

When Grace Darling died, her friends placed a marble monument over her grave. Upon this monument lies the figure of a girl, with an oar in her hands. Perhaps some day you may see the monument. Are you not glad that there once lived so brave and unselfish a girl?

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JAN AND HULDA IN HOLLAND

I

gen'tle	tack'le	clat'ter	veg'e ta bles
bor'ders	tu'lips	dai'ry	knit'ting

Jan and Hulda have driven the cows to the pastures among the daisies, in the green grass. Now they have climbed upon the dike, and are looking out on the sea. A gentle wind is blowing, and sail-boats float slowly by.

The top of the dike is a road, so the children cross over and seat themselves upon the grassy edge. Their feet swing over the bank; and Jan wishes he had brought his fishing tackle along, so that he might drop the hook into the blue water which pounds against the dike not far below.

They hear a noise of cartwheels, and turn their heads to see what is coming. A woman is passing on her way to the city to serve customers with milk. Her cart is drawn by two large, strong dogs, and holds four cans of milk. In front is a seat, but the woman walks beside

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the cart. The sound of her wooden shoes can be heard above the noise of the wheels. The children greet her as she passes on.

"We must go home," says Hulda to Jan. "Mother must have help with the butter and cheese."

"Yes," says Jan, "and father needs me at the mill."

So they rise slowly, cross the road, and look down upon the land. Jan takes Hulda's hand, and they run down the bank together. What a clatter their wooden shoes make, and how they laugh as they run!

They pass the neat little garden with its beds of vegetables and its borders of beautiful tulips. Hulda drops her wooden shoes at the open door of the dairy. Then she steps inside to help her mother, who is singing at the cheese press. Jan runs on to the mill, whose great arms are clattering in the wind.

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When the dairy work is over, Hulda will help her mother prepare the dinner; and then they will rest awhile with their knitting. They can chat with each other and tell stories while their fingers are busy with the yarn and needles.

The day is Saturday; and later in the afternoon all the wooden shoes must have a Sunday "shine." Jan washes them with soap and water. Then he hangs them out on the shoe bush to dry. Or, if it rains, he places them beside the kitchen fire.

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II

smoke	pine'ap ples	pad'dle	pure
pas'sen gers	gro'cer ies	sad'dles	whip

Jan's father is grinding grain to-day, for he is a miller. Jan has helped spread the sails upon the great arms of the wheel, and now they are turning merrily with the wind. Jan's father opens the bags of grain and feeds the hopper, while Jan takes care of the flour as it slowly pours from between the great millstones.

When the busy day is over, the sails will be folded and put away. The miller will sit beside his door and smoke, while Jan, sitting near, fishes in the quiet waters of the canal.

The miller's boat is tied near by. When Monday comes, pats of yellow butter, cheeses that look like pineapples, and great bunches of fresh vegetables will be packed into this boat. Then Jan and his mother will paddle along the canal to serve their customers with their butter, cheese, and vegetables.

Sometimes, when Jan is needed at the mill, Hulda takes his place in the boat. Both chil-

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dren like to go marketing with mother. There is much to see, and much to hear.

Boats of different kinds glide by them, and many a nod of friendly greeting comes their way. Some of the boats are loaded with jars of drinking water; for, strange to say, Holland, with all its water, has little that is pure enough to drink.

Some boats carry passengers. Others carry coal or wood, cloth or groceries. You may be sure that little passes that Hulda and Jan do not see.

Then, on the banks there are donkeys with queer looking pack saddles loaded with butter and cheese. The rider is perched up in front, and carries a small whip; but the donkeys do not seem afraid of the whips.

Now and again, milk carts go by. The dogs tug at the traces trying to pull the heavy milk

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cans. Sometimes the children see a milk cart pulled by a woman and a dog together; for small dairies are not rich enough to keep two dogs.

You can see how many new things the children have to think about, after a day of marketing. They have much to tell their quiet father in the evening, when he sits and smokes by the canal.

III

school	yoke	shoul'ders
pa'tients	Saint Nich'o las	switch'es

Summer is a beautiful season in Holland, but winter is the time for fun. Then all the canals and lakes and ponds are covered with ice, and paddles, dogs, and donkeys are no longer needed. Everyone skates—big, little, old, and young. Carts are placed upon runners; and water boats give place to ice boats.

Children, with book-bags slung across their backs, skate to school. The market woman skates to market. Her wares are hung from a

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wooden yoke which fits over her shoulders. The store-keeper skates to his store. The doctor skates to his patients.

The happiest time in winter to Jan and Hulda, and to all the rest of the children, is

Christmas, of course. Instead of a Christmas tree, they have a new wooden shoe filled with hay. Instead of waiting for Santa Claus, they wait for Saint Nicholas.

Saint Nicholas is supposed to ride a large gray horse, and the hay in the shoe is for this horse. No child in Holland would think of letting Christmas Eve go by without bringing in

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this shoe full of hay; for if he did, Saint Nicholas's horse would have to go away hungry.

There is one thing about the coming of Saint Nicholas that sometimes puts a little fear into the hearts of Hulda and Jan. He brings both switches and presents. The switches are for naughty children, and the presents for good ones.

It would be too bad to find switches beside the empty shoe on Christmas morning. They never have found any so far; but who can tell? Perhaps the Saint might not always know how hard one really tries to do his best.

One thing they are sure of as they make merry over their presents on Christmas morning. Saint Nicholas really came in the night; for not a wisp of hay was left in their little wooden shoes.

With smiles on their rosy faces, and joy in their hearts, they give their father and mother Christmas greetings. They have presents for them too. They made these presents in secret, and kept them hidden away for weeks.

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THE GREAT, WIDE WORLD

whirls cliffs isles thou'sands

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully dressed.
The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mill,
And talks to itself on the top of the hill.

You friendly earth, how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?
Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say—
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the earth cannot."

—W. B. Rand.

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SLEEPING BEAUTY

I

bath'ing	chris'ten ing	mes'sen gers
prin'cess	six'teenth	spin'dle

Once upon a time there lived a good king and queen who had no children. They had everything else that one could wish, but their hearts were lonely.

Every day of their lives they would say to each other, "What a happy place this would be if we only had a little child"; but no child came.

One day, while the queen was bathing in a stream near the palace, a frog came up out of the water and said to her, "Your wish shall come true. Before a year has gone by, you shall have a little daughter."

It happened as the frog said. The queen had a little daughter who was so beautiful that the king was very happy.

"We will have a great christening feast," said he. "All our friends and all the wise

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people of our kingdom must see our beautiful child."

Messengers were sent all over the land to call the wise and the good to the christening feast. There were seven wise women in the kingdom; but one of them had been upon a journey, and the king did not know that she had returned. So he had six gold plates and six gold cups made for the six wise women, but no plate and no cup for the seventh.

Upon the day of the christening all hearts were full of joy. At the close of the feast, the six wise women came forward to offer their gifts to the little princess. One gave her goodness; another, health; a third, riches; a fourth, cheerfulness; a fifth, grace.

Just as the sixth came forward with her gift, the seventh wise woman walked into the room. She was bent with age, and leaned upon a staff. Her eyes blazed with anger because she had not been asked to come to the feast. Without greeting the king and the queen, she walked to the bed where the little princess lay.

"In the sixteenth year of her age," she said,

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"the princess shall prick her finger with a spindle, and fall down dead." Then she walked out of the room.

Everyone was filled with fear and sorrow. The palace was full of the sounds of weeping. Then the sixth wise woman spoke.

"I have not yet given my gift to the princess. I cannot do away with all the harm of which the seventh wise woman has spoken; but the princess shall not die. When her finger is pricked with the spindle, she will fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years. At the end of

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that time she will be awakened by the coming of a brave prince."

The king and the queen hoped to save their child from all harm, so they decided that no spinning should be done in the kingdom. All spindles were sent away, and the spinners were given other work to do.

II

fif'teenth	rust'y	key	flax
gen'tle men	sta'bles	pig'eons	through out'

The little princess grew in grace and beauty from year to year. She was loved by all, and was a great joy to the king and queen.

One day, after she had passed her fifteenth birthday, her father and mother rode out into the park, leaving the princess to wander about the castle alone.

"I have never been over all this great castle," she said to herself. "This will be a good time to see it all."

So, from room to room she went, until at last she came to one of the old towers. Up the

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narrow, winding stairs she went until she came to a little door. A rusty key was sticking in the lock. She turned the key and the door opened wide. Inside the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, spinning flax.

"I wish you good morning, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing, please?"

"I am spinning, daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"What is the thing that whirls and whirls as you turn the thread, mother?" asked the princess.

"That is the spindle, my child," said the old woman.

"Will you teach me how to spin, mother?" asked the princess. The old woman placed the spindle in the princess's hand, and began to teach her how to spin. Suddenly, the sharp point of the spindle pricked the finger of the princess. She fell back upon a bed that stood near, and fell fast asleep.

As she closed her eyes, sleep fell upon the whole castle. The king and the queen, who had returned, fell fast asleep in the great hall. The

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ladies and gentlemen in waiting fell fast asleep, wherever they happened to be.

The horses in their stables, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that blazed upon the hearth, became still and slept like the rest.

In the kitchen, the meat on the spit ceased roasting. The cook, who was about to box the kitchen boy's ears, let his arms fall to his side and fell fast asleep. The wind ceased to blow, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

A hedge of thorns sprang up around the sleeping castle, and grew thicker every year. At last the whole castle was hidden from sight, except the top of the tower where the princess slept.

The story of the Sleeping Beauty was told throughout the country, and many kings' sons tried to make a way through the hedge to find her. But the thorns held fast together, so that no one could get through, and many were killed in trying.

As years went by, the story was almost for-

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gotten. Only the old people, who had heard the story from their parents, remembered it. Men even forgot where the castle stood.

III

ad vise′	hitched	sword	stalls
stooped	pluck	wed′ding	hap′pi ly

The princess had slept for a hundred years, when a king's son came riding through the country. He heard an old man telling the story of the sleeping princess and stopped to listen.

"Where is the castle to be found, good father?" he asked.

"My father said it was on yonder hill," said the old man; "but I advise you not to try the hedge of thorns. Many brave princes have lost their lives among those thorns. You are too fine and brave a lad to risk yours. Go on your way, my son."

"No," said the prince. "If your story be true, the hundred years are at an end, and maybe the hedge will open when the right man comes. I will go and see."

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He rode bravely up the hill, hitched his horse, took his sword in his hand, and walked toward the hedge. Lo! the thorns changed to blossoms, and the hedge parted to let him pass. It closed again into a thick wall behind him.

When he walked into the castle yard, the horses were asleep in their stalls, and the hunting dogs lay asleep on the floor. Pigeons were perched upon the roof with their heads under their wings. No breath of air was stirring. The cook and the kitchen boy were asleep in the kitchen. The fire was out, and a roast was waiting upon the spit.

In the great hall, king and queen, and ladies and gentlemen in waiting, were fast asleep in their places. Even the flies upon the wall were still. Not a sound was to be heard in the whole castle.

The prince marched on, without turning to right or left, until he reached the narrow winding stair leading to the tower. He went up the steps and opened the door. There upon the bed, just where she had fallen, lay the princess, asleep.

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She was so beautiful that the prince could not turn away his eyes. At last he stooped and kissed her softly upon the cheek. She opened her eyes and smiled.

"Is it you, my prince?" she asked.

"It is I, my princess," he said, as he took her by the hand. "I have found you at last. Come, let us go out into the world together."

Hand in hand they went down the winding stair, through the great hall, and through the courtyard. As they passed, everyone awoke, and life began again in the great castle.

The king and the queen, the court ladies and

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gentlemen, awoke and looked at each other in wonder. The kitchen fire blazed brightly; the meat on the spit began to roast; the cook told the kitchen boy to mind the spit, and the maid began to pluck the fowl.

The horses stood up and shook themselves, and the dogs awoke and wagged their tails. The pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, and flew away to the fields for food. The flies began to creep about; and a soft wind moved the leaves upon the trees.

There was soon a great wedding feast at the castle; and the prince and the princess lived together, happily, ever after.

—GRIMM (*Adapted*).

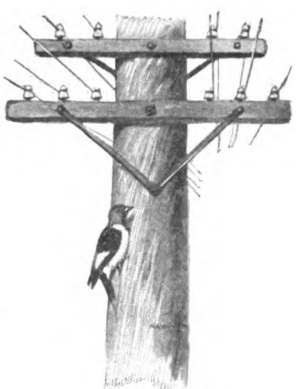
This world is full of beauty,
Like other worlds above,
And if we did our duty
It might be full of love.

—GERALD MASSY.

Digitized by Google

THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

red′-head ed	tel′e graph	toes
slight	af′ter ward	sev′er al



Do you see the red-headed woodpecker on the telegraph pole? He moves about until he finds a good place, and then he begins to drum. Watch his head. How fast it moves as he drives his strong bill into the wood! You cannot count the number of times it moves back and forth.

A short time ago I saw him on an apple tree in the yard. He was moving up and down the tree searching for insects. With two strong toes in front and two strong toes behind, on each foot, he held to the tree. Then rat-a-tat-tat! would go his sharp bill. Then he would turn one ear toward the tree and listen. If he heard a slight sound behind the rough bark, in would go his rough tongue to find the insect.

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He has a home in the old apple tree, and lives there all alone when his family cares are over. His red head sticks out of his door as I look out of my window to say good-night, and it is still there when I open my window each morning. He sleeps, of course, but the sun never catches him napping.

To pay his rent for the home in my apple tree, the woodpecker protects all the other trees in my orchard. Can you tell how?

One day last June I heard a great crying and chattering in the old apple tree near my window. Turning toward the tree to see what was the matter, there before my eyes was a whole family of red-heads taking an airing. There were three young birds holding fast to the bark. The old birds were near, sometimes upon the tree, and sometimes flitting about it. They were trying to persuade the little ones to fly.

A few days afterward, when I chanced to look toward the old tree, not a red-head could be seen. I watched for them several days, but they did not return. Then, one night, during a

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storm, the tree was blown down. The trunk snapped off just above the door of the woodpecker's house.

As I had never visited a woodpecker's house, I wanted to see what it was like. I sawed off the part of the tree which held it, and split the piece of wood from top to bottom. What do

you think I found behind the round hole of a door? Look at the pictures, and you will know the whole story.

All this house was made with the woodpecker's bill, and the chips were carried away, but no one knows where. Red-head is much too careful to tell, even if he could talk.

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WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

crys'tal	her'ring	sped	ruf'fled
fish'er man	skies	folks	trun'dle-bed

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

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And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

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Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head;
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—EUGENE FIELD.

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NAHUM PRINCE

I

Eng'land	in spect'ed	lame
mus'ket	com mand'	re cruits'

More than a hundred years ago our country was in great danger. George Washington was at the head of the army, trying to free the country from England.

The English had a larger army than we had, so that Washington had to call again and again for more men who could fight. It happened that, in a certain town, all the able-bodied men had been sent to the front, when another call came for help.

All the old men of the town who were able to bear arms marched out to be inspected. Even then, there were not enough; and every boy who was old enough gladly marched out and stood in line with the men, in the hope of serving his country.

Among these boys was a brave little fellow of thirteen, whose name was Nahum Prince.

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Nahum was lame, but he tried hard to step without limping and to stand upon his well foot when the inspecting officer came down the line. He thought that he might manage in some way to march away with the rest, and to use his old musket in battle if the officer would only let him try.

"Are you here, Nahum?" asked the officer, kindly. "You are a brave boy, but you will not be able to march with the rest. They must hurry, and the way is long and hard. I am sorry for you, but you must step out of the ranks, my boy."

Nahum sadly lowered his gun and stepped out of line. Officers gave the command, and the recruits marched away to the sound of drum and fife. Nahum watched and listened as long as he could see the waving flag or hear the stirring music. Then, with the old musket on his shoulder, he limped sadly home.

His home was a good one, and mother was near to comfort him; but the boy could not rest. His heart was full of longing to be a soldier and to serve his country with the others.

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Why must he be lame and have to stay at home, when every other boy of his age could go and fight for the country?

"Find something to do here, Nahum," said his mother. "There are many ways of serving our country. All of us cannot be soldiers, but we all love the flag."

Now Nahum had the right kind of courage; so he began to look about for something that needed to be done.

II

forge gal'loped vic'to ry reg'i ment

Just over the way was a neighbor's woodpile. The men of the family were all away, so here was a chance to help some one. Carrying his own sharp ax, he crossed the street and began to work with a will.

While he was busy splitting wood, four men came riding down the road. Stopping their horses they looked about, talked together for a few minutes, and then rode up to Nahum's woodpile.

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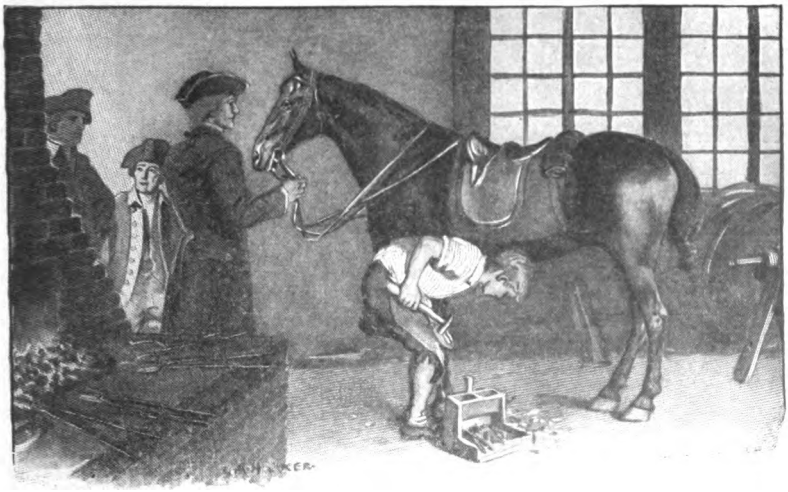
"Where are the men of the town?" asked one.

"They went away yesterday to join the army," answered Nahum.



"Can you tell us where to find a blacksmith?" asked the man.

"There is not a man or a boy in town except me," said Nahum.

"Then there is no one to set a horseshoe," said the man.

"Yes," said Nahum, "I have learned how to set a horseshoe."

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"Then it was a good thing that you were left behind," said the man. "Come, my boy, start a fire in the forge, and set this horse's shoe as quickly as you can. We are in a great hurry."

Nahum started the fire, blew the coals hot, prepared the shoe, and fastened it upon the horse's foot. The men thanked him and galloped away. Nahum went back to his woodpile and finished splitting the wood.

The next week the men and the boys of the town returned. They told how General Seth Warner had reached the field of battle just in time to lead the first regiment against the enemy. With his help the battle was won and many prisoners were taken.

They did not know that if it had not been for Nahum, the general could not have reached the battlefield in time. It was for the general's horse that Nahum had set the shoe. So, after all, the victory was won by General Seth Warner and Nahum Prince.

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THE "SHIP OF THE DESERT"

des'erts	Ar a'bi a	o a'sis	cam'el
bur'dens	breathe	stom'ach	car'a van

In some parts of the world there are great stretches of land so dry that little or nothing will grow on them. Such places are called deserts.

On most deserts there is a rainy season and a dry season. When it does rain, it rains very hard, and for many days together. But strong winds blow over the deserts, and the ground dries quickly. Through the long dry season, even the river beds are dried up, and the desert is very bare.

In the far country of Arabia lies a great desert land. The ground is clay and rock and sand. The hot sun and the hot winds of the dry season bake the clay until it is almost as hard as stone. Few plants can grow in it.

But here and there are deep springs of running water, which the hot sun and the hot winds cannot touch. Around these springs the ground

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But here and there are deep springs of running water, which the hot sun and the hot winds touch. Around these springs the ground

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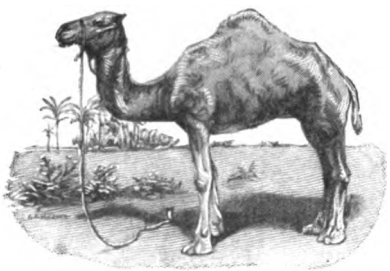
is soft. Grass and palm trees can grow in it. Such a spot is called an oasis.

Over this great desert of Arabia wander the Arabs. They travel from one oasis to another to feed their flocks or to trade with the people in the towns.



And how do the Arabs carry their wares? They use the camel as we would use a wagon or a car.

Back and forth across the desert goes the camel. Perhaps he is loaded with goods. Perhaps he carries a passenger. The Arabs call him the "Ship of the Desert."

See what a splendid beast he is! He is very strong, much stronger than a horse. He can carry burdens far too heavy for a horse to bear.

His legs are very long, and he moves over the ground with long, swinging strides. When he steps, his soft padded toes spread far apart and keep him from sinking into the sand.

His eyes have long lashes which keep out

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the blowing sand. His nostrils are long and narrow, and lined with fine hairs. When the wind is blowing the sand, he can breathe without drawing the fine sand into his lungs.

He can bear the desert heat without suffering. He can go on a long march without needing food or drink. You wonder why?

Always, before beginning a journey, the camel takes a long drink at the spring. Part of this water is stored away in his stomach; and he uses it, little by little, as he needs it.

His hump, too, is a storehouse of food. When the camel is well fed, his hump is strong and firm. If he is not fed, his hump will grow smaller and less firm; but he will not starve. His hump will have given him the food he needed.

Many camels traveling together make a caravan. The camels follow one after another in a long line. Back and forth across the desert, and from one oasis to another, move the caravans.

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A DESERT JOURNEY

I

pitch'es veils bar'ley dates

Abdul lives on the desert in Arabia. He travels from place to place to feed his camels and to sell his wares.

In the hot season he travels at night. When the day breaks, he pitches his tent and lies down in its shade to sleep. Outside, in the sun, his horses and camels sleep on the sand.

Early this morning he reached an oasis, and all day he has been camping near the spring. But the short grass growing around it has been nibbled away by the horses and camels. Abdul will move again to-night.

The sun is setting now; and Abdul sits on a mat outside his tent, waiting for his supper. On another mat near him sits his boy, Achmet.

Abdul is smoking a long, thin pipe and says not a word. Both are looking across the flat sands of the desert. As far as they can see, there is not a moving thing.

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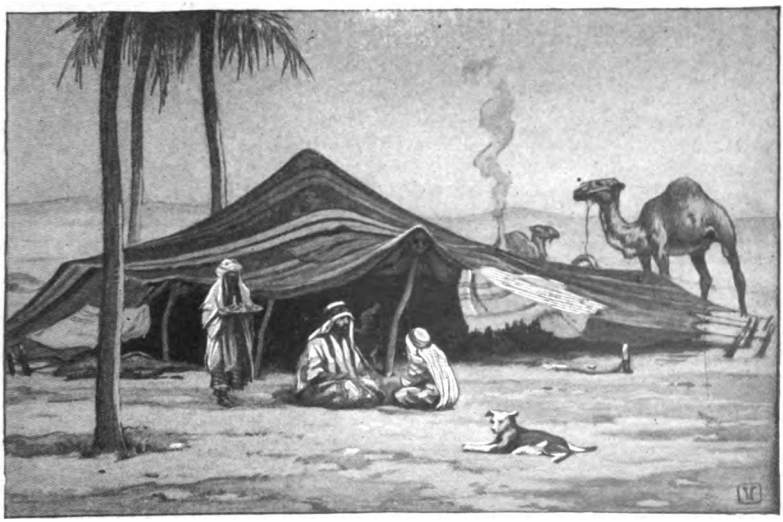
Abdul's wife, Zora, comes out of the tent; and with her comes their little daughter, Kamra.



Both wear veils over their heads and faces, so that only their dark eyes can be seen. When they are alone, or with other women, they will throw back the veils from their faces. Now they are bringing supper to Abdul and Achmet.

For supper to-night they are having thin cakes of barley meal and water, milk from one of Abdul's camels, and fresh figs, and dates.

When Abdul and Achmet have finished their

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supper, Zora and Kamra will go behind the tent to eat their own. They will throw back their veils and let the cool night breeze touch their faces and their long, dark hair.

II

bot'tles palm kneel guide
pi'lot un fas'ten o ver head'

Night is coming quickly, and everything must be packed for another journey across the sands.

Abdul and Achmet take down the tent, fold the cloth, and tie the poles together. Achmet fills great leather bottles with water from the spring. Abdul fetches the horses and camels from under the palm trees.

The camels kneel for their burdens. One must carry the tent, the tent-poles, and the mats. Dishes and clothing and bags of fruit are strapped upon another. One camel carries fruit, camel's hair, feathers, and palm leaves, which Abdul hopes to sell on the way.

Zora and Kamra seat themselves on two of

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the kneeling camels. Abdul and Achmet mount their horses, and the little caravan is ready to start.

Abdul leads the way. Achmet rides behind to drive the camels forward, and to see that all are safe.

A soft breeze is blowing. Around them lies the hard, dry clay of the desert, covered with drifting sands. There is no road to be seen; the wind has blown the sand over the tracks of the last caravan that passed this way.

Abdul has no guide but the stars; yet he is not afraid. He has always lived upon the desert. He can guide his little caravan as a pilot guides his ship across the sea.

They will travel two long, silent nights before they see palm trees again. Wherever palm trees are waving, they are sure to find a spring and fresh, green grass. Abdul says that his camels can smell the water and the grass long before he can see the palm trees.

And so it happens; for early one morning the camels stretch their nostrils and hasten forward. Then Achmet sees the waving palm

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leaves, and calls, and gallops forward to tell his father. Abdul smiles, for he too has seen the waving palms.

There flows the sparkling water! The leather bottles have been empty for some time; and all the caravan is thirsty, even the camels.

The camels kneel, and Abdul and Achmet unfasten their loads. The tent is set up; the tired family have breakfast; and then, all go to bed!

Good-bye, Abdul and Zora! Good-bye, Achmet and Kamra! May you sleep well under the palm trees, with the fresh dates hanging overhead!

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BIRD THOUGHTS

pale brood'ed be yond' la'bors

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day, I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find.
"The world is made of leaves," I said,
"I have been very blind."

And then I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors;
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

—*Selected.*

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A STORY OF GENGHIS KHAN

I

Gen'ghis	Khan	war'rior	wis'dom	hawks
wrist	swoop	prey	court'iers	loose

Genghis Khan was a great king and warrior, like Alexander the Great. He won so many battles and conquered so many countries that people of all lands talked of his wisdom and his courage.

But Genghis Khan liked sport, as well as work. He was a great hunter, and no sport pleased him better than a day's hunt in the forest.

In Genghis Khan's day, people hunted with dogs and hawks. Every hunter owned a trained hawk, which would sit quietly on his wrist until ordered to rise. When the bird had mounted in the air, it would fly round and round until it saw a bird, a rabbit, or a deer. Then it would swoop down upon its prey, and the hunt would begin.

One day, so the story goes, when Genghis

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Khan was home from the wars, he called the people of his court together for a great hunt. They expected to bring home much game.

The king led the way, with his favorite hawk upon his wrist; and his courtiers followed him. Behind the courtiers came servants with dogs, and food. The day was fine, and every one was happy.

Soon the hunt began. Hawks flew in the air, hounds were turned loose to the chase, and horses with their riders ran here and there among the great trees. Soon, friends were parted, and no one thought of anything but the sport.

Late in the day, the huntsmen gave up the hunt and started home. Friend met friend again, but where was the king? No one seemed to know. But as the king knew the forest well, his courtiers did not worry. They thought that he had grown tired of the sport and had returned to the palace.

Genghis Khan liked the great forest, so he took the longest way home, while his friends took the shortest. The day was warm and the

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king was thirsty. His hawk had left his wrist and flown away. He remembered that there was a spring near by and he turned his horse's head toward it.

II

dis mount'ed stroke ac'ci dent
wring snake pool loy'al

Soon there came to his ear the sound of water trickling over the rocks. How good it sounded to the thirsty king! He told his horse to move faster, and soon he came within sight of the water.

Instead of a stream, however, he saw only a few drops falling from the rocks above; for the summer had been very dry. The drops might be few, but the king knew that they were cool.

He dismounted, took a silver drinking cup from his hunting case, and held it under the drops. It filled slowly; but just as he lifted the cup to his lips, his hawk knocked it from his hand.

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The king picked up the cup and held it under the falling drops to be filled again. He was more thirsty than ever, and could scarcely

wait for the drops to fall. He lifted the cup to his lips again; and again the hawk, with one stroke of its wing, knocked it from his hand.

The king began to grow angry, but said nothing. Perhaps it was an accident. He would make one more trial. For the third time he filled the cup, and for the third time the hawk dashed it from his hand.

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Then Genghis Khan became very angry.

"This is no accident, Sir Hawk," he said. "If I had you in my hands, I would wring your neck. We will have one more trial."

He drew his sword; then, for the fourth time, the story tells us, he filled the cup and raised it to his lips. Down came the hawk, and away went the cup!

A moment the king's sword flashed in the air, and the hawk's head was cut from its body.

"Now you will give me no more trouble," said the king.

The cup had rolled so far down among the rocks that he could not reach it, so the only thing that he could do was to climb the cliff to the spring above.

Very thirsty and very tired, at last he reached the top, where lay the pool of water. But just as he stooped to drink, he saw a great poisonous snake lying dead in the pool.

The king forgot his thirst and the heat. He forgot that he was tired, and he thought only of his loyal hawk lying dead below. His face was red with shame, and his eyes were full of tears.

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Quickly he climbed down the rocks, again. He lifted the bird and placed it gently in his hunting bag.

"You saved my life," he said, "and I killed you because I was angry. I can carry you back to the palace, but I cannot give you life again." So saying, the king rode sadly home.

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR

I

France	Na po'le on	em'per or	al lowed'
cus'toms	chan'nel	French	hogs'head

A long time ago there was a great war between France and England. At that time Napoleon was emperor of France. One day his ships captured an English ship and a number of English sailors.

One of these poor sailors was allowed to wander freely about the town and along the seashore. Perhaps they thought that as he was

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poor and alone, he could not travel home; and surely one poor sailor could do France no harm!

The language and the customs of France were strange, and the sailor was homesick for the white cliffs and the green fields of his English home.

Every day, as he walked along the shore, he looked toward home and tried to think of some way of getting back to England. English ships were not allowed near the shore of France, and no French ship would carry him away. The channel between England and France was too wide and deep to swim. He had no boat of any kind. What could he do?

One morning, as he looked out across the water, an empty hogshead was washed upon the shore at his feet. Here was a treasure indeed! It might be made into a boat. The boat might carry him home to dear England!

He rolled the hogshead to a cave among the rocks and worked at it, in secret. At last, after much patient labor, he had a rude boat ready to be launched.

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II

rud'der	es cape'	faith'ful ness
no'ble	pas'sage	pass'port .

Early one morning, before anyone was stirring, he carried a little food and a few clothes to the cave. These he put into the rude boat. Then he launched the boat, and tried to steer toward England.

But without keel or rudder, the little boat made a poor fight against the wind and the tide. Before long, it was seen by some fishermen, and brought back to the shore.

Here was something to tell the emperor. Here was an English prisoner of war trying to escape. Napoleon must have the news at once, and a messenger was sent to him in great haste.

When the emperor heard the news, he called for the prisoner, and the sailor was brought before him. Napoleon stood with his arms folded and looked at the man for a few moments, without speaking.

"You are a bold man," said he, at last.

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"With such a boat as yours, no one could succeed in crossing the Channel. Nothing but love could make you try this way of escape. Who is it in England that you wish to see?"

"My mother is in England, all alone," answered the sailor. "She does not know whether I am living or dead. We have long been parted, and my heart is made bold by the wish to see her once more."

"And so you shall," said Napoleon. "Your courage and faithfulness have won my good will. So brave a son as you must have a noble mother. Here is money to pay your passage, and a passport. Go home on the first ship that will carry you, and comfort your mother's heart."

The sailor worked his passage over to England, and soon was with his mother again. And as long as he lived, he never parted with the gold piece that the Emperor Napoleon had given him. His countrymen thought of Napoleon only as an enemy of England, but he remembered the emperor's kindness to a poor prisoner.

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THE UGLY DUCKLING

I

oats	bur'docks	pret'ti est
duck'lings	har'vest	vis'i tor

It was summer time, and the country was beautiful. The wheat was yellow, the oats were green, and the hay was stacked in the meadows. The warm sunshine fell upon an old house, which was surrounded by deep canals.

Burdocks grew down to the very water's edge. The burdock leaves were so high and so large that children could stand among them without being seen. The spot was almost as wild and as still as a forest.

Under one of these great burdocks a duck was sitting on her nest, waiting for the eggs to hatch. At last the eggs began to crack, and out peeped one little yellow head after another.

"Quack! Quack!" said the mother duck, and all the ducklings stood upon their feet as

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well as they could. They peeped about from under the green leaves.

"How large the world is!" said one little duck.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the old duck. "It reaches far beyond the garden to the other side of the field; but I have never been so far as that."

"Are you all out?" she asked, as she got up to look at her nest. "No, not all. The largest egg has not opened yet. Dear me! How long will this last? I am tired of sitting." Then she sat upon her nest again.

"How do you do?" asked an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"My eggs are all hatched but one," said the mother duck. "But do look at the little ones! They are the prettiest ducklings I ever saw."

"Yes, they are beauties," said the visitor; "but let me see the egg that will not hatch. You may be sure that is a turkey's egg," she said as the other duck left the nest. "I was tricked that way once, and had great trouble with the young ones. They were afraid of

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water, and I could not make them go in. Leave it in the nest, my dear, and teach the other little ones to swim."

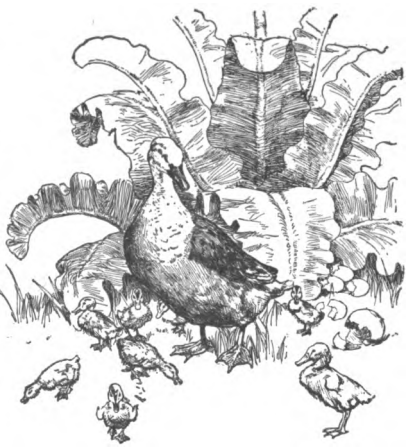
"I will sit on it a little longer," said the old duck. "I have been sitting for so long that I may as well spend the harvest here."

"Do as you like," said the visitor, as she waddled away.

II

eas'i ly	quar'rel ing	Span'ish
gob'bler	spurs	scorned

The great egg cracked at last, and out tumbled the little one. How large and how ugly it was!



"It does not look like the rest," said the mother. "Can it be a turkey? We will soon find out. It must go into the water, if I push it in myself."

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The next day the weather was fine. Mother duck called the family together and went down to the canal.

"Quack, Quack!" she said as she splashed into the water, and one duckling after another jumped in after her. The water closed over their heads, but they all came up again. They swam together in a beautiful way, their legs moving easily. Even the ugly gray one swam with the rest.

"He is not a turkey," said the mother. "See how well he holds his head and moves his legs. He is my own child, and is really pretty when you come to look at him well. Quack! Quack! Now come with me, and I will show you the duckyard. Keep close to me and look out for the cat."

There was a great noise when mother duck and her ducklings waddled into the duckyard. Two families were quarreling over a piece of eel; and while they were quarreling, the cat ran away with the piece.

"That is the way of the world, my children," said the mother. "Now use your legs, and keep

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together. Do you see the old duck over yonder? You must bow to her, for she is the greatest duck in the yard. She is a Spanish duck, and she carries herself well and has fine manners. Now bow your heads and say 'Quack'!"

They did as they were told. The ducks who were in the yard looked at them and said aloud, "Just see! here is another brood! There were enough before they came. How ugly the biggest duckling is! We must not let him stay here." Then one flew at him and bit him on the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother. "He is not doing anyone harm."

"No," said the ducks; "but he is so large and so ugly that we do not like him."

"Those are fine children," said the Spanish duck. "They are all pretty, except one. I almost wish he could be hatched over again."

"Please your Highness," said the mother, "that cannot be. He is not pretty, but he is a good child, and swims even better than the others. He stayed too long in the shell; but I

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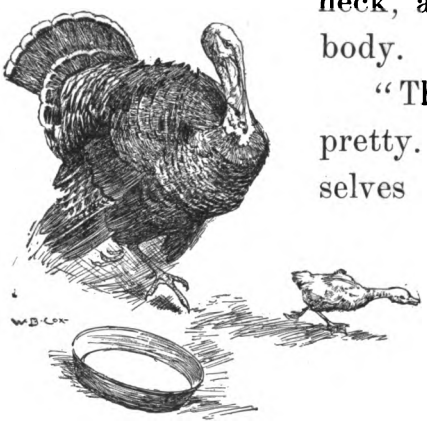
think he will grow to be like the others in good time." Then she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body.



"The others are very pretty. Pray make yourselves at home," said the Spanish duck. "If you find an eel's head, you may bring it to me."

They made themselves at home; but the poor duckling that came last out of the shell was bitten and pecked by ducks and hens. They said he was too large and too ugly.

Even the turkey gobbler puffed himself up like a ship under full sail and, red with anger, marched up to the duckling. The gobbler came into the world with spurs, and because of his strength thought himself king of the barnyard.

So passed the first day, and things grew worse from that day on. The poor duckling

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was scorned by all. At last even his brothers and sisters were unkind.

The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him when he came near. And one sad day even his mother said, "Ah, if you were only far away!" There was no place in the yard for the poor duckling after that.

III

po lite'ly jaws sup port' hinge

The ugly duckling ran under the hedge, and the little birds flew out of the bushes crying with fright. "That is because I am ugly," said the duckling to himself. He closed his eyes and ran on into the open country.

At last he came to a pond with reeds growing near the shore. Here he lay all night, tired and sad.

Wild ducks flew out of the reeds in the early morning, and saw the duckling.

"Pray, who are you?" they asked.

The poor fellow turned from one to the

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other and greeted them as politely as he could.

"You are very ugly," they said, and flew away.

For two whole days the duckling was left alone among the reeds; and on the third day two wild geese flew down before him.

"You are so ugly that we like you," said the geese. "Come with us and be a bird of passage."

Bang! went a gun, and the two geese lay dead among the reeds. The water was red with their blood. Bang! went the gun again, and a whole flock of wild geese flew up into the air.

There was a grand hunting party, and hunters were hidden all around. Some were even sitting in the trees, whose great branches stretched far over the lake. Guns were fired, smoke rose through the trees like a mist, and dogs splashed about in the water, bending the reeds.

The poor little duck was very much frightened. He turned his head to hide it under his

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wing when a great dog came close to the water's edge. He opened his jaws wide at the sight of the duckling, showed his sharp white teeth, and then went away.

"I am thankful for once that I am ugly," said the duckling. "Even the dog will not eat me."

The noise did not cease till late in the day, and even then the poor thing dared not stir. He waited some time, and then hurried away as fast as he could go.

Toward evening he reached a poor little hut. The wind was blowing so hard that he could not stand without the support of his tail. The door of the hut had lost one hinge, and stood partly open. The duckling crept through the crack.

In the hut lived an old woman with her cat and her hen. The cat knew how to set up his back and purr. If his fur was stroked the

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wrong way, it would give out sparks. The hen laid very good eggs, and the woman loved her dearly.

IV

mis′tress cra′zy tire′some

Next morning the cat and the hen saw the duckling.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking around. Her sight was not good, so she thought that the duckling was a nice fat duck that had lost her way. "This is fine," she said. "I shall now have duck's eggs."

The cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress. They used to say, "We and the world," for they thought themselves to be by far the better half of the world. The duckling thought that others might think differently.

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"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Then hold your tongue."

"Can you set up your back and purr?" asked the cat.

"No."

"Then you should keep still when others are speaking."

So the duckling sat alone in his corner, feeling very lonely. Soon he thought of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and this gave him a strong wish to swim again.

"It is fine to swim," said he; "fine when the water closes over your head and you plunge to the bottom."

"That is a queer thing to like," said the hen. "You must be crazy. Ask the cat whether he would like to swim, or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress. Do you think she would like to swim, and have the water close over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"Do you think yourself wiser than the cat

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and my mistress and me? Do not fancy such a thing, my child; but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. You are silly, and it is tiresome to have anything to do with you. Come, you must learn to purr or to lay eggs."

"I think I will go out into the wide world again," said the duckling.

"Well, go," said the cat.

So the duckling went.

V

daz'zling slen'der swans
whith'er freez'ing

The duckling ran to the water. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath; but all animals passed him by because he was ugly.

The leaves turned yellow and brown. The wind caught them and danced them about. The air grew cold, the clouds were heavy with snow, and the duckling was very uncomfortable.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a

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flock of large birds rose out of the reeds. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before. Their feathers were of dazzling white; and they had long, slender necks. They were swans.

They gave a strange cry, spread their long, splendid wings, and flew away to warmer countries across the open sea. As they flew high in the air, the duckling's feelings were very strange. He turned round and round in the water like a mill wheel, stretched his neck to look after them, and gave such a loud queer sound that it frightened him.

When he could see them no longer, he plunged to the bottom of the water; and when he rose again, he was almost beside himself. He did not know what they were called or whither they were flying, but he loved them as he had never loved anything before.

The winter was very cold. The duckling had to swim round and round in the water to keep it from freezing. It would be too sad to tell all his sufferings during that long, cold winter.

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VI

warmth	bright'ness	fresh'ness
grace'ful ly	curved	a shamed'

But spring returned once more. The sun began to shine warmly, and the larks were singing. The duckling, who lay out among the reeds, shook his wings once more. They seemed stronger, and bore him quickly up into the air. Warmth and brightness were all about him. He forgot his sufferings and was full of joy.

On he flew until he came to a large garden where apple trees stood in full bloom. How lovely everything was, and how full of the freshness of spring!

Three beautiful swans came out of the thicket, showing their feathers proudly, and began to swim in a small lake in the garden. How gracefully they curved their necks, and how lightly they moved over the water!

The duckling knew them at once. They were like those birds he had seen flying overhead the winter before. He was filled with a strange sadness.

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"I will fly to those kingly birds," he said. "They will kill me because I am ugly; but that does not matter. It would be better to be killed by them than to be bitten by ducks, pecked by hens, and kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry. It would be better than to suffer again all that I suffered during the long winter."

He flew down into the water and swam toward the beautiful creatures.

"Only kill me," said he, bowing his head and expecting to die. But what did he see in the water? He saw his own form, no longer an ugly gray bird, but a white and shining swan.

Some little children were playing about in the garden. They threw grain and bread into the water.

"There is a new one," said the youngest child.

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"Yes," said another, "a new swan has come to live with the others."

They clapped their hands and danced for joy.

"The new one is the best," said everyone. "He is so young and so beautiful." And the old swans bowed before him. The young swan felt ashamed, and hid his head under his wing.

He was so happy that he hardly knew what to do. Yet he was not proud, for a good heart is never proud. He remembered how he had suffered. Now he heard everyone say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds.

The trees bent down toward him, and the sun shone warm and bright. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and said in the joy of his heart, "How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was only the ugly duckling!"

It does not matter that one was born in a duck's nest, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

—HANS ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

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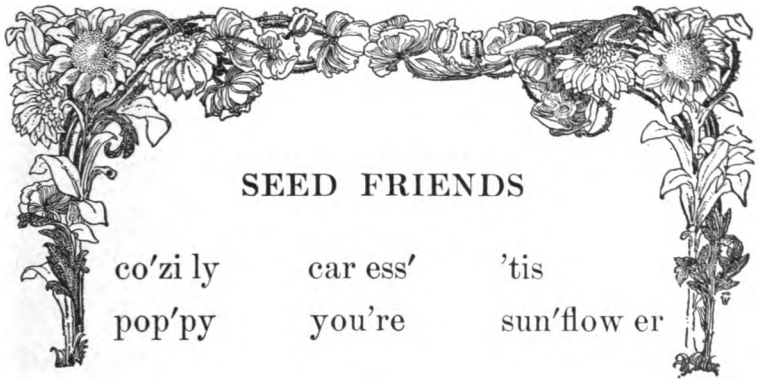

SEED FRIENDS

co'zi ly car ess' 'tis
pop'py you're sun'flow er

Little brown brother, O little brown brother!
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark!

"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay!
Bright sun will shine on you, sunshine caress you,
Waken! 'Tis morning! 'Tis May!"

Little brown brother, O little brown brother!
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy, all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy, like me!

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What! You're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you.
Little brown brother, good-bye!

—E. NESBIT.

THE PRINCESS AND THE SILKWORMS

up side' Chi nese' grate'ful god'dess

The father of little Silingchi was a great prince who lived in China. So, of course, Silingchi was a little princess.

She lived with her father and mother in a beautiful palace. The palace stood in the middle of a garden filled with every kind of tree and flower that grew in the country. There was also a tiny lake in the garden where many kinds of bright colored water birds lived.

Little Princess Silingchi often went out on this lake in her tiny boat. One bright morning in early spring, her servants rowed her near the shore. The trees of the garden hung their

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spreading branches over the lake, and Silingchi saw them in the water.

"Oh, the trees are upside down!" she said to her little maids, who walked along the shore.

The princess was greatly pleased to see the trees of the garden standing on their heads in the lake. She watched their branches moving in the water.

After a while she began to watch the real trees, instead of the trees she saw in the water. She saw that little worms had made their homes in the real trees, and were eating great holes in the leaves.

Silingchi walked in the garden every morning to watch these little worms, which she had never seen before.

One morning she looked up at the leaves and saw a strange sight. Many of the worms had raised the fore part of their bodies from the leaves. A long thread was coming out of the mouth of each. Each little worm was winding this thread around its body.

Silingchi stood still and looked at them. "How wonderful!" she said to her little maids.

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She walked under the trees again the next morning and found them still winding the threads around their bodies. Some had covered their

bodies with the thread and seemed to be asleep. Each worm that was asleep was hanging from a leaf by its thread.

In a few days all the worms were hanging from the leaves, and their bodies were all covered with thread.

"This is surely a wonderful thing!" said the little princess to herself. "Each of these

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worms must have had a thread in its body long enough to make a house for itself."

Silingchi saw the worms spin their thread houses every spring for many years. As she grew older, she began to think more about the threads.

"The threads are very beautiful," she said; "and they seem very strong. I think I could weave them into cloth, if I could get them off the little worms."

So she told her servants to gather some of the little worms and take them into the palace. At last she found a way to take the threads off the bodies of the sleeping worms.

After Silingchi had learned to do that, she began to think how to weave the threads into cloth. She learned a way to do that, also. In a few years many hundreds of the Chinese people were weaving silk cloth from the threads.

Now the Chinese people knew that the princess did all this to help them, and they felt very grateful to her.

They have always called Silingchi, "the Goddess of the Silkworm."

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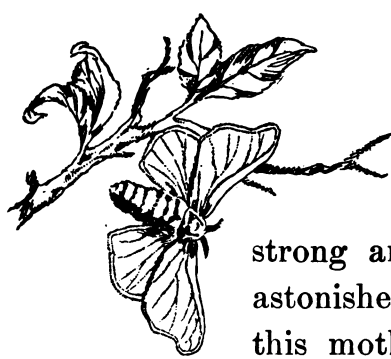
THE SILKWORM AND HIS WORK

I

moth co coon′ con tin′ue eight′een shelf
mul′ber ry inch′es sleep′ers un wound′ skeins

On these pages we have pictures of the moth, the worm, and the cocoon, from which we get the threads of silk.



The large, spreading wings of this moth show us that she is strong and well. You may be astonished when I tell you that this moth is only one day old. She will begin to lay her eggs to-day. She will continue to lay them for three days, until she has laid about five hundred. Then she will die.

The people who own the moths put each moth on a piece of cloth or thick paper to lay her eggs. The eggs are very small and white, and they stick to the cloth or the paper.

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When the eggs are eighteen days old, they are washed by drawing the pieces of cloth or paper carefully through clean water. Then the pieces are hung on poles in a clean room.

In the spring of the year the worms are ready to come out of the little eggs. Then each piece of cloth or paper is taken from the pole and put upon a shelf. The room is kept very clean and warm.

In China the worms are black and no thicker than a hair of your head, when they come out of the eggs. They grow lighter in color, however, until they are full grown. Then they are yellow.

The worms eat the leaves of the mulberry tree. The Chinese cut these leaves into very small pieces for them. The worms do nothing but eat and sleep until they are a month old.

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Then they are full grown. They are about two inches long, and are just about as thick as your finger.

After the worms are a month old, they will take no more food. Then they begin to spin the little houses or cocoons around their bodies, with the long threads that come from their mouths.

Each worm lifts the front of his body from the cloth or paper, and begins to move his head from one side to the other. He begins at his head to spin his little house. As he moves his head, he winds the thread from his mouth around his body.

He continues to do this until his body is all shut in. Then his work is finished, and he goes quietly to sleep in his little thread house.

The little sleepers sleep for three weeks. When they wake up, they are beautiful moths with wings, and can fly in the air like birds.

But do they all come out? No, most of the cocoons are set over a fire, and the heat kills the little sleepers inside.

After the worms are dead, the cocoons are

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put into boiling water, and the hot water makes the threads soft. Then the thread cocoons can be unwound from the dead bodies of the silkworms.

These soft, fine threads are made into skeins, and then they are ready to be twisted into spool silk or woven into cloth.

And so it is that we owe many of the beautiful clothes we wear to the little worms that we call silkworms.

MINE HOST OF "THE GOLDEN APPLE"

good'ly	host	sign	boun'ti ful
nour'ished	be nign'ly	reck'on ing	cheer'i ly

A goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

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And light-winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I slept at night, on a downy bed
Of moss, and my Host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily:—
A blessing be thine, green apple tree!

—THOMAS WESTWOOD.

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FLAG DAY, JUNE 14TH

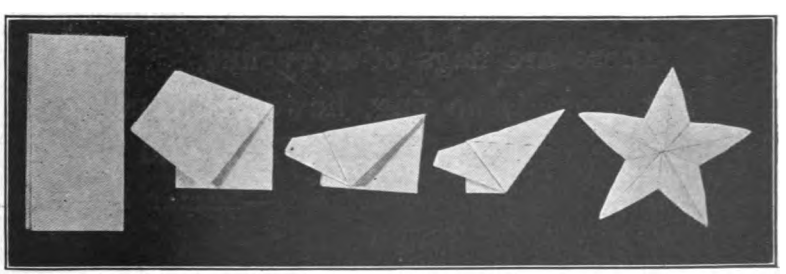
Phil a del'phi a pat'tern sin'gle scis'sors cir'cle ar ranged' brav'er y pur'i ty hue

Our first flag was made by a young woman named Betsy Ross, who lived in an old house still standing on Arch Street in Philadelphia.

Betsy did fine work with her needle, and one day General Washington asked her if she could make a flag after a pattern which he had brought.

"I will try," said she, "if you will let me make the stars with five points instead of six."

She folded a piece of paper and cut a five-pointed star with a single clip of her scissors. If you would like to see how she did it, take a square of paper and fold it in this way:



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When the flag was finished, Washington was greatly pleased with the beautiful work. On a blue field were thirteen stars, one for each of the thirteen states.

The stars were arranged in a circle, because a circle has no end. A new star was afterwards added for each new state, and the stars were arranged in rows.

The flag had thirteen stripes, seven red and six white. These stripes have not been changed.

On June 14, 1777, the "Stars and Stripes" became the flag of our country. Captain Paul Jones first raised the new flag on a gunboat, the Ranger.

Red, white, and blue were chosen as colors because they stand for bravery, purity, and truth.

"There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of ev'ry hue,
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own 'Red, White, and Blue.'"

—LILLIAN M. WALDO.

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A BATTLE AND A SONG

I

Ches'a peake at tack' Bal'ti more Mc Hen'ry
bombs ad'mi ral sur ren'dered twi'light
per'i lous gal'lant ly

It was the year 1814, and England was at war with us. An English army had entered the city of Washington, and had burned it. English ships were in Chesapeake Bay, ready to attack Baltimore.

Baltimore was guarded by a strong fort, called Fort McHenry. All one day the English ships fired on the fort. Night came; and still the ships kept up the firing, still the guns of the fort were answering back. The crash shook the houses in Baltimore from top to bottom.

For three days it had been raining, and a heavy mist hung over the water and the shore. The night was very black.

Now and then signal rockets shot up from the ships. They gleamed a moment, and lighted the darkness and the mist. The bombs fired by

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the guns burst with a red glare over the water and the fort.

On the deck of one of the ships three men were watching. They were Americans. One of them had been taken prisoner from the city of Washington, and the other two had come to beg the English admiral to set him free. The admiral had agreed to do this, but he would let none of the men return until the fight was over.

So the three men stood and watched. Whenever a rocket lighted the darkness, or a bursting bomb glared red, they could see the Stars and Stripes floating high over the fort.

Suddenly, after midnight, the firing ceased. What did it mean? Had the fort surrendered to the English? What flag floated over it now?

The black night and the mist lay thick around them. Everything was very still. The three men walked up and down the deck and waited.

It was almost dawn when one of the men stopped a moment and drew from his pocket

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an old letter and a pencil. By the light of one of the ship's lanterns he began to write:

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?
O, say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

II

flag'staff re flect'ed star-span'gled
Fran'cis ver'ses print'er tri'umph

The firing began again. Slowly the black night cleared away. The mist grew gray. The shore could be seen dimly.

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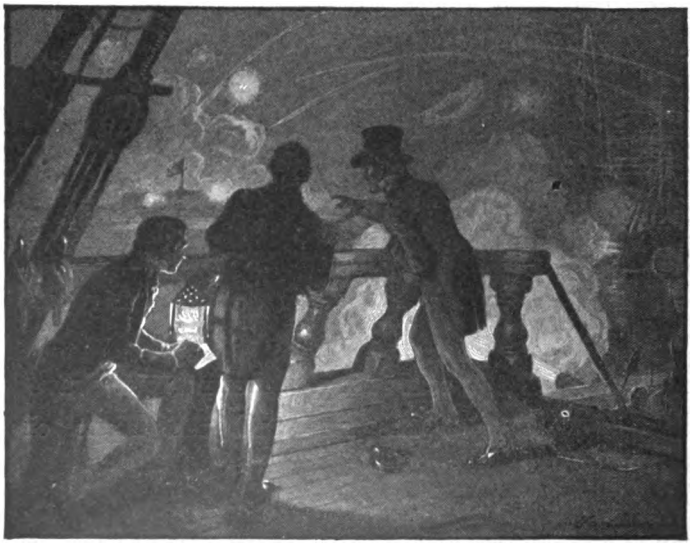
The three men strained their eyes toward the fort. Was the flag still there?

A light breeze was blowing. The first sunbeams were beginning to shine through the



mist. They were lighting the flagstaff on the fort. What flag would they show? The men leaned over the rail and tried to see through the mist.

There it waved! Not the English flag, but still the Stars and Stripes!

Again the man who had been writing drew

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the paper from his pocket and added these words:

"Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Soon the firing ceased. The battle was won, and Baltimore was saved.

Thus was written "The Star-Spangled Banner." The man who wrote it, as he watched that long night through, was Francis Scott Key.

When Key went ashore, he read his verses to his uncle at Fort McHenry. His uncle liked the verses. He took them to a printer in Baltimore, and asked him to print some copies of them.

A friend of Key's took the first copy to an inn in Baltimore, where public men used to go

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for dinner. Key had written his verses so that they could be sung to a well-known tune. One of the men at the inn was a public singer, and he was asked to stand up on a chair and sing the song. So, for the first time, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung.

Soon there were printed copies of it everywhere. In every city in the land people were singing:

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

ONE, TWO, THREE

twist'ed	clos'et	bed'room
chest	cup'board	wrin'kled

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

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She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses, One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But still he had Two and Three.

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"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they had never stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

—H. C. Bunner.

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THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE

lo co mo'tive	sta'tion	en gi neer'	throt'tle
found'ry	coach'es	ex press'	re pairs'

Here is a great locomotive ready to pull a passenger train out of the station. The great drive wheels are as tall as a man, and the locomotive is as high as the cars it is to haul across the country.

The fireman fills the fire box with fresh coal. The engineer rings the bell and opens the throttle, and the locomotive glides away with its shining string of cars. Good-bye, friends! We wish you a pleasant journey. Good-bye, great locomotive! Carry our friends safely to the journey's end!

Did you ever hear about the first locomotive that ever hauled a railway train in this country? It is now at Washington and you may see it there, some day, when you visit that beautiful city.

Peter Cooper had this locomotive built in his foundry in Baltimore, and its first journey was

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made from Baltimore to Ellicott Mills, thirteen miles away.

The little coaches that made up the train were made like the bodies of stage coaches, and could hold only a few passengers. If you should see the little locomotive beside one of the great locomotives that carry our long express trains it would seem like a toy, but it seemed wonderful to those who saw it start on its first journey.

That was on August 28, 1830, and people flocked from far and near to watch Peter Cooper's locomotive.

"It cannot pull those cars," said some. "It will break down on the way," said others, "and then what will the passengers do? Horses and carriages are safer. Who ever heard of coaches being hauled by steam?"

But the little locomotive pulled out bravely, puffing its wood smoke, and soon the train was out of sight. The journey was safely made to Ellicott Mills; but on the way back to Baltimore, the engineer had to stop for repairs.

"What did we tell you?" said a man, driv-

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ing by in a carriage. "That engine is of no use. My horse can travel faster than your train. I will be in Baltimore to welcome you when you arrive. Good-bye, locomotive!"

Away he drove at a great rate, and his horse really did reach the city before the little locomotive came puffing in with its coaches. But Peter Cooper did not care. He knew that in time locomotives would be made that no horse could outrun.

BIG BROTHER'S VALENTINE

I

puck'ered	ge og'ra phy	stud'y ing
card'board	mar'i gold	wreath

Aunt Anne laughed. "Sarah Jane Simpson," she said, "what is the matter? Who ever saw such a puckered up little face! Can't you get your lesson?"

Sarah Jane laughed, too, and laid down her geography. "I wasn't really studying, Aunt Anne. I was trying to think what I could send

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Big Brother for a birthday present. You know his birthday comes on St. Valentine's Day."

Sarah Jane always called her brother Bob, Big Brother.

Aunt Anne laughed again. "On St. Valentine's Day!" she said. "Well, you are beginning in season. This is only October."

Sarah Jane thought that perhaps she was a bit too early; but, oh! she had been so lonesome ever since Bob had started away yesterday morning to be gone until June! His school wouldn't close until June, and she wanted to do something very nice for his birthday. Christmas came between, to be sure, but it was a birthday present on which Sarah Jane had set her heart.

"Make him a valentine," said Aunt Anne. "You can cut out flowers, and birds, and pretty little faces from picture-cards; and I will give you some nice cardboard; and you can paste them on, and then write a little verse on it, and make a border of hearts all around. I will draw you a plan this minute."

Aunt Anne caught up her pencil and began to draw, and Sarah Jane took up her geography

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again. All at once she laughed out. "You needn't draw me a valentine, Aunt Anne," she said. "I know what I'll do." And off she ran upstairs.

Next morning after breakfast Sarah Jane ran outdoors, hoppety, skipperty, hop, as fast as she could go. Down the garden walk she skipped, by Bob's long marigold bed, and through the little garden gate into the barnyard where Bob's dog, Don, came running up to her and jumped all about her. He was so happy to see his master's little sister.

"Oh, Don!" Sarah Jane cried, "I am going to make Big Brother a valentine for his birthday, and don't you want to help?"

Don wagged his tail for joy, and just then Big Brother's little brown hen came out of the hen-house and Sarah Jane went to meet her.

"Oh, you dear Henny Penny, I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two tiny brown feathers?"

The little brown hen shook her wings, and there on the ground lay two tiny brown feathers. Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her

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apron, and then she said: "Now, where is Ducky Daddles?"

Ducky Daddles was just going down to the pond.

"Oh, Ducky Daddles," called Sarah Jane, "I am going to make a valentine for your master, and won't you give me two of your shining green feathers?"

"Quack, quack!" said Ducky Daddles, and there on the ground lay two shining green feathers; and Sarah Jane picked them up and put them in her apron, and then she said to Don: "I'll get some of the ferns that grow by the little bridge we made, and some of the marigolds from his garden bed, and I'll make the most beautiful wreath that ever was!"

II

glos'sy	pars'ley	pet'als	dic'tion a ry
twelfth	Feb'ru a ry	en've lope	di rect'ed

So Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, to the pond and picked the little green ferns and put them in her apron, and all the time Don ran

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about and barked and thought he was helping a great deal.

"Now for Billy Button," said Sarah Jane, and back she went, skipperty-hop, to the barnyard.

The pony was in his stall eating hay, and Sarah Jane said: "Oh, Billy Button, I am going to make your master a birthday valentine, and won't you give me a hair out of your beautiful, long tail?"

Billy Button switched his beautiful black tail about, and there on the floor lay a glossy black hair, and Sarah Jane picked it up and wound it round and round her finger, so as not to lose it, and then she went to see Bob's gray squirrel in his cage by the door.

"Oh, Chipperty," said she, "I am going to make your master a valentine of the things he likes best, and will you give me a little bit of your soft, gray fur?"

Chipperty was whirling on his wheel, but he winked, as much as to say: "Help yourself!" and, sure enough, there was a little tuft of soft, gray fur sticking between the bars, and Sarah Jane poked two of her fingers inside and got it

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and put it in her apron, and then she said: "I wonder what I can get from Bunny. I'm sure Big Brother would like something to make him think of his white rabbit."

So Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, to the rabbit's house and said: "Oh, Bunny, I am making a valentine for your master, and what will you give me for it?"

Bunny was eating his dinner of turnips and parsley, and he lifted his long ears and moved them thoughtfully for a moment, and then tossed her a stem of parsley, and Sarah Jane picked it up and put it in her apron. And then she turned, all of a sudden, and with the little scissors in her apron pocket she snipped off a red curl from Don's back and put that in her apron, too.

And then with the little red curl in her apron, and Chipperty's fur, and Bunny's parsley, and Henny Penny's brown feathers, and Ducky Daddle's green ones, and the little ferns from the bridge, and the marigolds from the garden, and Billy Button's long, glossy hair around her finger, Sarah Jane went, skipperty-hop, into the house to make the birthday valentine for Big Brother.

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Aunt Anne gave her a piece of cardboard and a pot of paste, and Sarah Jane made a most beautiful wreath. It took her a long time to paste the tiny, green sprigs of parsley in among the yellow petals of marigolds. It took her a long time to lay the ferns and the green and brown feathers just right to make the two sides curve around at the base. And it took her a very long time, indeed, to sew the little red curl and the glossy black hair and the lock of squirrel fur to cover the joining places at the bottom and make the whole a perfect wreath to send to Big Brother.

And then she wrote in the center—

"When this you see,
Remember us!"

It didn't sound just as it should, but it said just what Sarah Jane wanted to say to Big Brother.

Sarah Jane put the valentine in the big dictionary to press it nice and flat; and when the twelfth of February came she took it, just perfect, and put it in a beautiful, large envelope, and

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directed it and stamped it, and it started on its two-days' journey.

And when Big Brother opened it he looked at the wreath a long time, and at the verse inside the wreath a long time, and then he said: "That's from little Sarah Jane, and from Don, and Billy Button, and Chipperty, and Bunny, and Henny Penny, and Ducky Daddles, and our bridge, and my garden bed—oh, funny little Sarah Jane!"

And he laughed, and dropped a big, happy tear right—splash! on his new valentine.

—Lilla Thomas Elder.

THE DUEL

cal'i co	Dutch	ap peared'	ter'ri ble
lit'tered	em ployed'	ex ag'ger ate	bur'glars

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.

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(I wasn t there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Me-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Stood up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,

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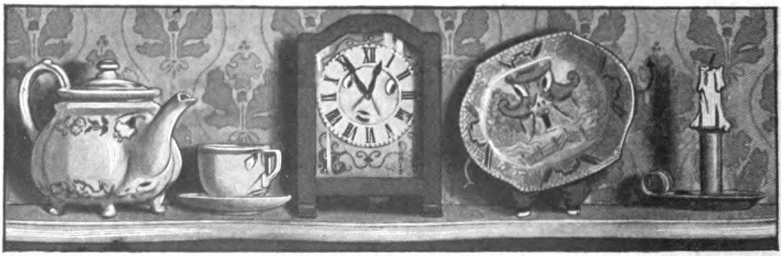
Employed every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(Don't fancy I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about that cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

—EUGENE FIELD.



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VOCABULARY

The following is a list of all the words used in the Third Reader, with the exception of very simple ones and those used in the first two Readers.

The number opposite each word refers to the page on which the word first occurs.

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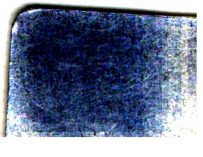

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